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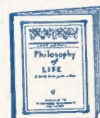
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DECEMBER, 1933

FRENCH Night Life

Stories

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"Hello Sucker!"

In the Mysterious Haunts of Paris' DEMIMONDE
Known Only to a Few . . . Guy Dulane was
Entertained by Two Bewitching Mamselles!

By FRANK KENNETH YOUNG

JOYFUL Paris in the Springtime — with its Eiffel Tower, Luxembourg Gardens, Louvre, Bois, and other places of interest — appears very attractive to the average American tourist. The sight-seer should not forget, however, that large cities are pretty much alike the world over, and that even Gay Paree has its equivalent expression for America's now famous "Hello, Sucker!" This is especially true among the mysterious haunts of that *demimonde* known only to the lesser few. . . .

Guy Dulane had arrived in the city but the day before and spent all of this day revisiting scenes that had intrigued his interest on an earlier occasion. The time was now evening, and Guy was standing upon a street corner but a few blocks from his modest hotel. He was puffing idly at a cigarette, while watching the passing throngs.

Suddenly, he felt a tug at his coat sleeve and turning in surprise and inquiry, gazed into the smiling face of a young man.

"Excusez-moi, Monsieur, l'Americain!" said the young man, speaking swiftly, "if you will permit the liber-

ty, Monsieur! . . . I observe that you are a stranger in Paree, and that you are perhaps wondering how to pass the evening away, *n'est ce pas?*"

Guy nodded. "Yes," he answered. "Although this is my second visit to your delightful city, I find myself almost as unfamiliar with it now as on the occasion of my first visit!"

The young man flashed a white-toothed smile and moving closer to Guy, delved into an inside coat pocket and brought forth a small paper package.

"If Monsieur will permit" he murmured, "I have to show you some *carte postale, des cartes illustrees, portraiture extraordinaire!* I shall be pleased to sell to Monsieur!"

"Ah, yes, the picture racket!" Guy grinned amiably. "Well, let's see what you have!"

The Frenchman graciously obliged by placing a set of his cards in Guy's open palm. "Look him over!" he whispered, changing his position so that the pictures could not be seen by passing pedestrians.

The pictures proved to be a group of boudoir scenes . . . a maid helping her mistress to disrobe . . . two *femmes* trying on corsets . . . four young *Mam'selles*, attired in white nighties,



He was left alone
with the fetching
blonde . . .

engaged in a pillow fight . . . three almost nude beauties searching for a man under their bed . . . and others of the same sort. Rather innocuous on the whole, yet each scene contained a fair amount of feminine revealment.

Guy shuffled them through rapidly and handed them back. "Pretty good," he remarked. "But haven't you got something spicier?"

"Oh, *oui, oui!*" the young man answered. Delving into his pocket, he

brought out another set which he tendered for examination.

These cards proved to be a series of burlesque scenes . . . several bath house beauties being spied upon by a Peeping Tom . . . three old maids climbing over a high fence . . . four ladies seated about a table finishing a game of strip poker . . . Ladies of the theatre putting on a high-kicking act backstage, etc. . . . Slightly less innocuous than the others, and yet —

Guy returned them all with a smile. "Interesting," he said. "But, after all, they're only pictures. What I want to see is real dames! Seems to me there ought to be some place in a city of this size. . . ." He paused expectantly.

The young man leaned closer. "*Monsieur*," he whispered, "for *beaucoup* francs, I shall conduct you to THE PLACE!"



"Okay!" said Guy briskly. "Lead on — I'll follow! Pay you your price when we arrive!"

"*Oui, Monsieur! Par ici, Monsieur!*"

Perhaps half an hour later, the Frenchman with Guy at his heels, turned into an alley-like street illuminated only by the light that shone from the larger thoroughfare, and proceeding a short distance, came to the gloomy entrance of an underground cabaret. Here they descended a few steps and passed through a dingy doorway into a place of sordid atmosphere and tawdry entertainment.

Here were a number of round tables occupied by men and women of the streets, some of which were slightly the worse for liquor. At one side of the low-ceilinged, smoke-stained room,

a bartender with black oily hair combed low upon his forehead, was industriously polishing glasses. While upon the bar several young *Mam'selles* who evidently served in the capacity of waitresses, sat swinging their silk-clad legs and exchanging ribald pleasantries with a number of habitués. The walls of the room were decorated with gaudy lithographs and posters — pictures of burlesque beauties and women of the dance halls.

The joint was obviously a hang-out for the lower classes — *cocottes* and their Apache lovers.

Guy's escort approached the bartender and muttered a few words in French. The bartender nodded and grinned. The guide returned to Guy with open palm.

"*Parboire, Monsieur!*" he murmured.

"Oh — sure!" Guy dug into his pocket and produced a roll of bills. Stripping off a couple, he passed them over the damp bar into the bartender's greedy palm.

"*Merci, Monsieur!*" the man grunted. "But follow Jacques!"

The guide turned toward the rear of the room, and Guy followed. They passed through a narrow doorway into a semi-darkened hall, and proceeded a short distance till they came to another door.

"You will find thees show going on, *Monsieur*," Jacques explained. "It is performing always. You but go in and remain till you have seen all."

"Thanks," Guy muttered.

Jacques rapped three times upon the door. It was opened by unseen hands, and Guy was permitted to pass into the room beyond. He heard the door close behind him, then swiftly appreciated his surroundings. . . .

He found himself in the company of perhaps a dozen men, all of whom

were standing facing a small low stage at the far end of the room. The room was so dark Guy could scarcely see his neighbors, but the stage was brightly lighted. Guy edged as close as possible to the footlights, and waited. There was no music.

Presently, he perceived that the curtain was slowly parting in the middle, and each half was being drawn back. The movement was so slow . . . as to be almost imperceptible, and yet the two sections moved, fraction by fraction . . . gradually revealing the fact that there was a nude woman standing in the center of the stage. With each

slight movement of the canvases, the woman's white body became more fully exposed. And when, at last, the curtains were fully parted, she was revealed in all entirety.

Guy heard a swift intake of breath from the man nearest him, and little sighs and suppressed exclamations running through the crowd. There were also murmured remarks containing references to "la model". And what a model she was! — with her jet-black hair, and milk-white skin; with her statuesque figure and well-proportioned curves! She was standing in a classic pose, presenting a side view



*The curtain
was slowly
parting —*

only, and a brilliant light playing upon her from above, bathed her enchanting nudity in a diffused radiance.

The spectacle was visible for several minutes — and then the curtains swung shut again, presenting only a blank white canvas.

Guy grunted and was turning to depart, when a man beside him clutched his sleeve. "*Attendez, Monsieur!*" said the man. "*Qu'ils le finissent!*"

Guy paused and glanced back. The curtains were slowly parting again, this time to reveal another model in a different pose. . . . The procedure was repeated several times, and each time Guy was treated to a view of feminine nudity in its more alluring aspects, until perhaps half a dozen models had revealed themselves. Then the first one reappeared, and he realized that he was only seeing the same show over again.

He stared about the dimly lighted room until his wandering gaze discovered the man who had admitted him. This man he judged to be an attendant, or a man in some way connected with the establishment. So he approached this individual and plucked at his sleeve.

"*Dites-moi, Monsieur,*" he whispered in his very best French, "would it be possible for me to meet some of *les dames?*"

"*Oui, oui, Monsieur!*" the man assured him. "But for a consideration, *Monsieur.*"

"*Beaucoup francs?*"

"*Oui!*"

Guy thrust his hand into his pocket and brought forth several bills which he tendered.

"*Merci — cela suffit! Par ici, Monsieur!*"

He led the way to a dark corner of the room, and there opened a door

which led by way of a narrow hall into a dressing room back-stage. He ushered Guy into the room and bowed.

"But please to wait, *Monsieur!* I shall inform *les dames.*"

Guy nodded and the man went out. When the door had closed, Guy gazed curiously about the small chamber, but found little to excite his interest. The room contained several chairs, a small dressing table, and a number of articles of feminine apparel. That was all.

Scarcely had he taken stock of his surroundings, when the door opened again and two women entered. They were two of the models he had already seen from the other side of the footlights. One was the black-haired beauty; the other was a very light blonde. Although they had come direct from the stage where, but a few minutes earlier, they had posed in startling revealment, they had somewhat concealed their nudity by donning long bathrobes which could be thrown off at a moment's notice.

"*Bon soir, Monsieur!*" they murmured, smiling delightedly and offering their soft, warm hands.

"*Bon soir, Mesdames!*" Guy replied, touching the fingers of each in turn. "I trust I'm not causing you any inconvenience. I witnessed your show out in front, and am greatly interested. I'm a stranger in Paris, and—"

"*Oui, oui!*" the black-haired one said quickly. "*Monsieur est l'Américain!* It is with delight, *Monsieur*, that we greet you!"

The blonde put in: "*Monsieur* is looking for thrills, perhaps? Seeing the so naughty and wicked night life of this Paris, *oui?*"

"*Oui!*" he replied laughingly.

She shrugged her shoulders and made a gesture of despair. "*C'est dommage!* And *Monsieur* is the so hand-

some young man, too! Do you not know, *Monsieur*, that she is ver' dangerous pastime — this sight-seeing in *Parce?*"

Guy chuckled. "So I've been told, *Mesdames*. But I am of the opinion that the pleasure one derives quite outweighs whatever danger one may encounter!"

"*Soit!*" agreed the black-haired lady.

the room. He turned in his chair and slipped his arm about her waist. There was in her manner that which invited still greater liberties; but Guy wished to lead up to daring intimacy by friendly degrees.

"I saw you posing, *Madame*," he murmured, "and I was enchanted by your lovely figure."

"You admired my body, *Monsieur?*"



"And so, you wish us to entertain you, *non?*"

"If your presence is not required upon the stage," he said eagerly.

"*Cela ne fait rien*," she said. "There are other models. Be seated, *Monsieur*! We shall do our best to fascinate you! Do you make love to him, *Celeste*, while I go for a fresh bottle of wine!"

She flashed an apologetic smile and hurried out on her errand, while the blonde called *Celeste* came forward and perched upon the arm of Guy's chair.

Her long, all-concealing robe opened in front, its points falling away from one upraised knee. Guy glimpsed her leg, of delightful proportions, round and white in the light of

— permitting her fingers to stray through his hair and trail caressingly over one cheek. "You thought me beautiful — desirable?"

"Uh-huh!" — drawing her down upon his lap. "I think I shall take you back with me when I return to America!"

"*Ma foi, Monsieur*, you are joking!" She turned to gaze more directly into his eyes, and Guy thrilled as her soft, warm seat wriggled in his lap.

He laughed and the woman laughed with him. "I might do much worse," he said. "I intend to take you with me only as a last resort — in case I fail to win you before I leave!"

She leaned still closer, pressing her breasts against his chest, and twining

her arms about his neck. He embraced her warmly, feeling all the nooks and hollows of her delightful waist.

"Take me, *Monsieur*!" she urged. "Kiss and love me with passion! I shall not scold!"

He tasted her warm, sweet lips and kissed them again and again.

"Ah, what a man!" she murmured. "It is not so, that only the French know how to love! *Monsieur*, your kisses are wonderful!"

Guy was about to give another demonstration of how wonderful he could be, when the door opened and the black-haired woman entered carrying a tray on which was a bottle and several glasses. She placed the tray upon the dressing table and began to pour the drinks.

"Come, *Monsieur*, drink with us!" she invited, placing a glass of clear sparkling wine in his hand. "There is no pleasure if one is thirsty."

Guy accepted the drink, and raised it in a toast. "To you, *Mesdames*," he said, "and to our better acquaintance!"

"*Oui, oui!*" they replied, flashing alluring smiles. "To *Monsieur* and to his continued good health!"

The toasts were relished by all, and Guy thought he had never tasted such delicious wine. He set his glass down with a sigh of satisfaction, and turned to the ladies with a challenge.

"And now that we are refreshed," he said, "perhaps you will delight me still further! I have heard that the entertainment I witnessed outside is only the beginning!"

"Ah, *Monsieur*!" Celeste laughed. "You are wise, but you expect too much!"

"*Oui?*" he said incredulously. "But, *Mesdames*, if I am not entertained thrillingly and daringly, I shall have no reason to give you *beaucoup francs* before I leave!"

"*Monsieur* is looking for a chance to spend more money?"

He chuckled, yawned and nodded. Somehow, he was beginning to feel unaccountably sleepy. "Yeah," he muttered. "Come now, what is your very best show?"

The women glanced at each other and smiled. "There is a certain dance we might do for *Monsieur's* benefit," said Celeste. "But it will require that we first remove our robes!"

"Yeah," Guy repeated — and it seemed to him that his voice came from a long way off — "Yeah, girls, let's remove — remove — the — the robes!"

As in a daze he sat in his chair, staring up at the women. He heard them laugh strangely, and their figures seemed mysteriously to advance and retreat, to merge with each other and gyrate grotesquely. He saw them glance at each other again; saw their slender fingers fumble with the fastenings of their robes. He saw them slip the garments back over gleaming shoulders, and lean seductively toward him as they permitted the garments to fall to the floor. And then, despite his interest in their nude bodies and the dance they were about to do, his head drooped forward on his chest, his eyes closed, and he passed quietly from the picture. . . .

He never knew how long he remained unconscious, nor in what manner he was removed from the women's dressing room. But after an indefinite length of time, he came to and found himself lying prostrate upon the ground! Struggling to assemble his scattered faculties, he remembered the party and the two French women who had promised him entertainment rare and extraordinary. He also remem-

(Continued on Page 68)

BAGGED *at* Bagatelle



*Noel Would Help ANY Girl in
Distress — but Veronica Showed
Her Gratitude in a Most Intriguing
Manner. . . .*

By
RAE KING

NOEL ACTON had often gambled for high stakes, but never before had a girl been offered as the ante. And what a girl! A nifty little blonde, with sex-appeal oozing from every curve and contour of her luscious figure.

When Noel left his hotel in Paris to attend the races at Bagatelle he had no other thought than to try his luck with the French horses. Thoughts of gambling with a girl as the stakes for the winner was furthest from his

mind, although he had noticed the Parisian maidens with the same warm speculation of other Americans vacationing in the world's gayest city.

At the race track he had met her. She was the sort whose beauty would have stood out even in such a display of pulchritude as is evidenced at every track meet at the Bagatelle. She was seated next to him in the grandstand, and seemed careless about how her silken covered knee caressed his, and several times hugged him with delicious fervor when the horses were tearing down the home stretch.

Naturally, Noel promptly lost all interest in the running horses and decided that he had something far more interest than galloping equines right beside him. It was not until the last

race was over that he discovered he was holding a ticket on the winner in practically every race, and that all had paid heavy odds.

The expressions the girl had used when shouting for her favorite horse during the races had convinced him that she was also an American. He tried several times to think of something he might say to start a conversation with her, which is usually an easy matter at a race track, but he could think of nothing. Horses and not women HAD been Noel's weakness, and now he did not know how to go about correcting that bad choice.

During the confusion of the crowd leaving the grand-stand after the final race, Noel lost sight of her, and was beginning to fear that he had become interested in a girl whom he might never see again. He collected his winnings and drifted with the crowd toward the throng of buses and taxies waiting to take the spectators back to the heart of the city.

He was just about to board a bus when he discovered the girl. She was standing back a short distance from the crowd, and looking quite forlorn.

Instantly Noel realized what had happened: She had lost heavily on the races; was nearly broke, and in a strange country without friends.

Noel hesitated for a moment, then swung off the bus, wormed his way through the crowd, and stopped in front of her.

"Pardon my informality," he said, "but you appear to be an American in trouble, so if a fellow countryman can be of any assistance—" he ended the sentence with a gesture to indicate that he was entirely at her service.

"Thank you so much," she said, and Noel was positive he had never seen anything sweeter than her smile. It was a perfect match for her perfect figure.

"Just your offer makes me feel ever so much better. I really am in trouble. The horses took every franc I had. I got so excited while the horses were running that I didn't realize the size of the bets I made. Now I'm cleaned out! What does a good little American girl do when she goes broke in Paris and still wants to remain good?"

As long as she had added that last stipulation, Noel didn't know.

"She might accept the offer of assistance from a fellow American," he suggested, hoping that such an offer might pave the way to better things.

"Well, I didn't lose my appetite on the horses, so if you should care to invite me to dinner, I wouldn't refuse," remarked the girl, smiling in a way that suggested the dinner might lead to more pleasant things than just eating.

"Excellent!" approved Noel, ready to agree to anything that would keep him with her. There was something rather intriguing about being with a girl who was broke and who would have to have plenty of money to get home.

"Perhaps after a dinner we could both think better," said the girl as she permitted Noel to take her soft, rounded arm and lead her through the crowd to a taxi. "This really is an awful fix for me to be in," she continued as the taxi sped them back toward the heart of the city. "I haven't a single friend in Paris whom I could borrow money from, and I can't cable home for more because there isn't anyone there I can cable to."

Noel's smile of sympathy was quite deceptive, for how could a man feel sorry when he was grateful to the horses that had taken her last franc?

He had unconsciously given the driver the name of the hotel where he was stopping, but since it had a quiet

wine garden of soft lights and sentimental music, he couldn't see any need to go elsewhere. Besides, he liked the thought of being close to his room while with the girl who was in need of money.

During the dinner he learned that the girl's name was Veronica Vaughn, but since she didn't volunteer any further information concerning herself, Noel asked no questions. The

"A possible one," he admitted. "I managed to pick a winner in four of the races this afternoon, so I have quite a bit of surplus cash. Perhaps you'll permit me to advance enough to get you home."

"You fail to mention the strings attached to it," laughed Veronica.

"Perhaps there aren't any," replied Noel with a quiet smile. "Nothing but your gratitude."



predicament of being financially embarrassed rested lightly on her rounded, white shoulders, for she laughed and chatted gayly with Noel, convincing him that he had never before met anyone more entertaining.

"Have you thought of any solution for this problem of mine?" she asked when the dinner drew to a close.

Noel had, but he didn't think the time was quite right to voice it. He hated to rush his pleasures, preferring a leisure that added to their enjoyment.

"Sure!" laughed Veronica again. "And I know how you think that gratitude should be expressed. I've got a better scheme in mind, and since you like gambling, it should appeal to you."

*"Roll 'em out,
handsome!"*



If you're not afraid to lose your winnings and have some place where we can go to roll these ivory cubes, I'll try to recoup my losses."

"But how can we shoot craps when you haven't any money?" asked Noel as he eyed with interest the pair of dice she had taken from her handbag.

"I have these clothes I'm wearing," answered Veronica.

"You mean —?"

"I'll wager each article, piece by piece, against a hundred francs. That agreeable?"

"And how!" declared Noel quickly, his eyes sparkling in anticipation of

making a complete haul. "I have a room in this hotel. Shall we go there?"

"Why not?" smiled Veronica.

Instantly Noel was on his feet leading her out of the wine garden. This would be his day of days, he assured himself as they rode in the elevator to his suite. Mentally he began figuring how many articles of clothing she wore, and concluded that with a bit of luck on his part, he'd soon have her doubling for Lady Godiva without a horse. Dice was one of Noel's favorite sports, for a crap game always provided plenty of action, and he had always been lucky with them.

"Say!" he declared, turning suddenly to her after they had left the elevator and started down the corridor toward his suite. "What will you do if you have no better luck with the dice than you had with the horses at Bagatelle?"

"Perish the thought!" declared Veronica, but she smiled as she spoke. "But if I should lose, I'm sure you wouldn't turn me out into the cold, cruel world without my clothes, would you?"

Noel found the thought of her absence from clothing very pleasant and provocative of even more pleasant conjectures. But no thought of turning her out into the "cold, cruel world" without them entered his mind.

"I might sell them back to you for a kiss apiece," he suggested.

"If I lose, I'll be desperate enough to accept that," answered Veronica. "But suppose I should want all of them at once?"

"The price for wholesale delivery is even more pleasant than kisses," replied Noel.

"Don't be so sure you'll win," advised Veronica. "I'm concentrating on doing that myself."

"We'll see," replied Noel as he unlocked the door of his suite and ushered her in.

Shoving several chairs aside, he cleared a space in the middle of the room, and dropped down on his knees. Veronica sat down opposite him, then opened her handbag and gave him the dice.

"Just to show I'm a good sport, I'll let you take first roll," she said.

Noel opened his well filled wallet and took out one hundred francs, which he placed on the floor as his ante. Veronica smiled and removed her suede slippers, which she deposited beside the money.

"Shoot!" she advised.

Noel blew upon the dice, rattled them caressingly in his hand several times as he advised them to be good to papa, then rolled them out upon the floor. Instantly a whoop of delight escaped his lips. The dice had turned up a five and a two, making a winning seven for his first roll.

He looked quickly at Veronica, who accepted defeat with a smile. Unhooking several snaps at the waist of her dress, she pulled it over her head and dropped it to the floor beside the money, while Noel sat her shoes behind him. He had hoped that she was wearing nothing but her undies beneath the dress, but instead he found a slip was also part of her attire. The slip, however, was of sheer silk, and beneath it Noel could see the warm, soft curves of her perfectly formed young body. The sight made him anxious to win again.

"Shoot!" advised Veronica again when her dress fluttered to the floor.

Cupping the dice in his hands, Noel intoned another invocation to the gods of luck, and tossed the dice out upon the floor a second time. Again a whoop of delight came from his lips, for he had thrown another "natural." A five and a six stared up at him, making another winning number on the first roll.

Again Noel looked up at Veronica with a smile of triumph as he set her dress behind him with the shoes. His eyes were sparkling in keen anticipation of what was to come next, for he hoped that she would remove the slip. But instead Veronica smiled tantalizingly at him, then peeled the stockings from her tapering white legs.

"Okay!" she said. "Roll 'em out, boy!"

Noel rattled the dice vigorously. "Oh, bones, be good to papa!" he pleaded. "Another nice natural and we'll add to the young lady's stockings

to our collection. Come on, dominoes, and do your stuff!"

He rolled them out quickly, and whooped again. The dice had responded to his pleas for another "natural." A six and a one glistened up at him.

"I should have warned you that I always roll a wicked pair of dice," he told Veronica, his eyes sparkling brightly as he realized she would now have to part with the slip.

"Your luck can't last much longer," answered Veronica as she hesitated for a moment, then slowly raised the slip over her head and deposited it where the stockings had been.

Noel could not repress the gasp of admiration that came to his lips, and he assured himself that he was staring at complete perfection in the way of femininity. A brief pair of step-ins fitted snugly over her hips, revealing every alluring curve, while a narrow, inadequate brassiere merely enhanced the charm of her full, youthful breasts. Only the amber tips of them were covered by the bandeau, and even they could be seen through the thin material.

Noel became so interested in feasting his eyes on such a delectable sight that he almost forgot to roll the dice.

"Don't neglect the game," Veronica advised him.

"Come on, dice, another nice seven!" he coaxed. "Just one little seven and we'll send the young lady home in a barrel! Dice, don't desert me now!"

He tossed them out again, but was afraid to look. His luck had already been phenomenal. A gasp of dismay from Veronica, however, caused him to look down at the dice. Another seven had been turned up for him!"

He looked quickly at Veronica, wondering whether it would be the brassiere or the step-ins that would be

ante'd up next. Veronica also appeared to be debating about the choice.

"One is as bad as the other," she laughed at him as she looked first at the brassiere and then at the step-ins. Noel thought she was being tantalizingly slow in making a choice. "Ante up another hundred francs, and I'll offer 'em both."

Noel's hands worked mechanically as he extracted his wallet and deposited more money on the floor, for his eyes were too busy with other matters.

Veronica slowly unhooked the brassiere and permitted it to flutter to the floor. The sight of the full mounds of pink-tipped breasts caused Noel to wonder why she had restrained them with a bandeau. They were his idea of perfection. Then Veronica slowly slipped the step-ins down from her hips and kicked them from her ankles, leaving her completely back to nature. If Noel had thought they added charm to her bewitching hips, he was positive she was even more attractive without. Never, he assured himself, had he seen a girl so perfectly formed.

"We're still playing crap," Veronica reminded him while he knelt on the floor, too absorbed with the vision before him to think of anything so material as dice.

"Dice, if you want a niche in the Hall of Fame, be good to me now!" begged Noel as he rattled them quickly and rolled them out upon the floor.

He bent hurriedly over them, afraid to look for fear it might mean a return of her underthings, yet anxious to know if he had won.

But his luck had held. A four and a three stared back at him from the floor.

With a hand that shook nervously, he picked up the undies and sat them with the rest of her clothing behind him, then looked up triumphantly.

"It's all over," he told her.

"Not yet!" answered Veronica. She gave him a bewitching smile, and deliberately seated herself on the floor where all her antes had been placed.

It was a moment before Noel grasped the significance of the act. Instantly he emptied his wallet and tossed the entire contents down beside her so that a fitting ante would be offered for the one she had made.

He had gambled against high stakes at race tracks, in card games and on gaming tables, but never before had he gambled for such an interesting ante as the girl who was wagering herself. If she lost — Noel smiled with

pleasant anticipation, and rolled out the dice.

Slowly they tumbled across the floor, then stopped. Noel looked — then gasped. He had won again!

Veronica looked at him, but there was a smile in her eyes that told him she was ready to pay the last wager.

"To the winner goes the spoils," he said as he arose and picked her up in his arms.

"And to the sofa goes the loser," added Veronica as she offered up her lips while he carried her across the room—

* * *

Veronica was still sleeping, with her blonde head pillowed on his arm, when



Veronica was a good loser—

Noel awoke next morning. For several moments Noel remained there admiring her, and since her clothing still rested where he had piled it while winning the crap game, there was much of Veronica to be admired.

Then slowly his gaze wandered over to the pile of discarded clothing as his thoughts dwelled pleasantly on the interesting crap game and the more interesting epilogue. But as his gaze wandered over the dress, slip and undies, his eyes stopped suddenly. Veronica's pocketbook was also lying on the floor. It had come open in falling, and a large roll of bills had tumbled out. She had not lost at Bagatelle, but had won!

Slowly Noel eased her head out from under his arm, arose from the sofa and walked across the room to where the dice were still lying on the floor. Picking them out, he rolled them out upon the floor several times. Each time they turned up a seven or an eleven. He had been shooting with a pair of "loaded" dice!

Since Veronica had given them to him, with the suggestion that he take first roll, it could mean only one thing: She had wanted to lose?

He looked quickly back at the sofa, and found Veronica awake and watching him.

"You didn't lose at Bagatelle after all!" he declared, walking over and holding her upon the sofa when she attempted to get up.

"What if I didn't?" she demanded.

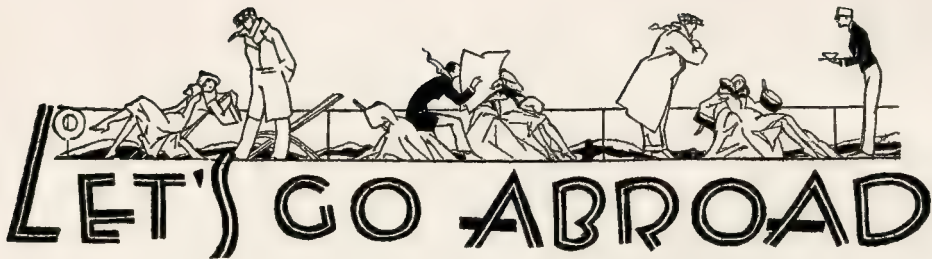
"Why did you want me to win?"

"I had to say and do something to get to know you," she answered softly, burying her face against his shoulder. "A girl is at a terrible disadvantage when she sees someone she thinks she would like to know and wants to get acquainted. She can't deliberately flirt without appearing cheap. . . . So I had to do something. I didn't intend for you to win as much as you did, but things got too interesting — But are you going to make it necessary for me to say everything?"

Noel used his lips to answer, but he didn't speak. Instead he pressed them avidly against the tempting red ones Veronica held up to him so willingly as he slowly lowered her back upon the sofa. It seemed a fitting way to begin the day after the night they had known. . . .



**The "Ayes"
have IT!**



—and See How They Play Around Over There!

MARRIED LOVE A LA FRANCAIS

*When ladies wed in gay Patee
They grow as gay as gay can be;
So do their husbands — and that's the reason
To kiss unwed is almost treason.*

*No sooner are the French girls married
Resistance plus is promptly buried —
The secret things that then are done . . .
From liason to liason. . . .*

*They blithely go, these married skirts —
For France is run by married flirts —
In cafes on the Boulevards
Where roam the painters and the bards*



*They meet upon the sly and talk
Or through the parkways slowly walk;
It's easy there to win a wife
Of someone else. Oh! what a life!*

*The husbands sneak away from work,
The banker, worker and the clerk;
The wives as soon as husbands leave
Study new ways to deceive. . . .*

"So this is Paris!" Well, I declare
I'd like to spend my whole time there!

A PLEASURABLE

By JOSEPH



IN NEW YORK, William G. French was known to his office associates as a handsome, very steady and industrious chap with no bad habits. So steady and industrious was Bill French and so favorably did his lack of bad habits impress his employer, old Jake Jimpson, that Bill had been cut only twice last year where others in the office had had their pay slashed no less than four times.

On the morning when this story commences, Bill heard his desk buzzer ring, and as he entered Mr. Jimpson's office he wondered what the Old Man wanted of him at such an early hour. Bill quaked a bit as he shut the door behind him; was it possible that Jimpson was going to wish another cut in pay on him? There had been dire rumors the day before that another slash impended; and since Bill was receiving the magnificent salary of \$18 a week at the time, no wonder he shivered. If Jimpson cut his pay any further, how could he, Bill, ever hope to save up enough money to marry Josephine, Jimpson's daughter?

Josephine, unknown to her father, had gone for Bill in a most pash-pash way. Secretly, during her many visits to the offices of Jimpson and Company, Josephine and Bill had exchanged love signals so cleverly that not a single employe even suspected they were "that way" about each other; and when Bill met Josephine outside in the under-

cover manner, their romance fairly sizzled.

"I don't care how poor you are, darling," she always announced. "Some day you'll make enough to support me in the style to which I'm not accustomed; and what a relief it will be to be a poor man's wife instead of a plutocrat's daughter, for a change!"

Bill, on such occasions, kissed her gratefully. "Aw, stop ribbing me, honey," he begged. "The depression can't last forever, and I'll shoot up like a skyrocket as soon as it ends. Even your hard-boiled father admits I'm the most efficient employe in the place, so —"

Which she always stopped with a kiss, of course, and though the depression was a bit slow in getting better, Bill didn't mind — as long as Jimpson cut him no further. On eighteen piastres a week, he could still save something; already he'd piled up the stupendous sum of \$456.89 in less than ten years. No wonder he had no bad habits! How could a guy afford to have bad habits when he was engaged to a honey of honeys like Josephine? He'd been no spendrift before he crashed for her; and when he did, he started to squeeze every dollar bill so hard it emanated green blood.

Mr. Jimpson frowned at him and motioned toward a chair.

Bill shuddered at his expression. If ever the Old Man discovered Josephine was secretly engaged to him, he would be tossed out into the street like a sack

BUSINESS TRIP

LICHTBLAU

Bill Was Sent on an Important Mission to Paris — Where He Was Welcomed with Open Arms!



"But I'll lose my job —" and his words were deliciously smothered.

of meal, and the chances of ever marrying Josephine would be shot to everlasting gehenna. Could it be possible that her dad had learned of their love?

"William," rumbled Jimpson, "I have sent for you to give you a most

important assignment. I have watched your work here for a long time with interest and pleasure and I believe I can trust you on a most delicate mission." Suddenly his frown was replaced by an uncomfortable smile, as if he were in

the clutches of a guilty secret that he hated to disclose. He got up and paced the office for a moment, and young Mr. French watched him with bated breath. Could this be the Old Man, who never smiled but roared like a hyena most of the time? Gosh! What was on tap? . . .

Suddenly, as though Jake Jimpson had decided to "reveal all," he pulled from his desk drawer a letter with a French postmark. Like a schoolboy caught stealing apples, he asked Bill to read it, and his voice shook with emotion. Bill's eyes were like knobs when he finished. Goshogosh — what a jam the Old Man was in! No wonder he had the jitters! . . .

When Bill left Mr. Jimpson, it was in a rush!

"The French Line pier!" yelled Bill to a cab driver. "Snap on it, fellow and if you get me there in half an hour, there's an extra buck in it for you — I've got to catch that boat before it sails!"

On board *The Transatlantique*, with five minutes to spare, Bill produced a fat wallet with a royal air, and tipping a steward, was shown to the most de luxe first cabin he'd ever dreamed of. That cabin had been engaged by Mr. Jimpson's secretary and Bill had with him a note from the latter informing the ship's officials that the cabin was to be turned over to the bearer. The Old Man had been doubtful up to the last minute about sending Bill to France, you see. And if Bill hadn't acted promptly, he might have missed the liner altogether. The mission he'd embarked upon was indeed a delicate one. Jimpson had secured a passport visa for Bill beforehand, using a group photograph of the office staff, taken at a banquet in the past, for a picture of Bill, so that everything was all set. And in Bill's wallet were no less than thirty

hundred dollar bills, thrust there by his employer with the note to the ship's officials — expenses for the passage and all that went with it.

As Bill sank down upon the edge of the luxurious bed, he dabbed at his handsome, perspiring face with a handkerchief.

"Gosh! What will Josephine think when I fail to meet her to-night at our favorite corner? If she ever knew the magnificent mess her dad's in right now, she'd disown him for life. It's a good thing I told the Old Man to keep a tight mouth with her, not to breathe a word to her about his jam!"

Never had Bill seen Jimpson so upset and uncertain; and as Bill unpacked suitcases that had been sent to the cabin in advance and discovered a complete outfit of underwear, clothes and toilet articles that would do him most handsomely, he shrugged cynically. Evidently the Old Man had contemplated sending him to Paris for quite a while although he had almost lost his nerve at the last moment.

Remained now the problem of Josephine.

How was he to reassure her during his absence abroad, without spilling the beans? If she called at the office to-day, for example, and found him gone without any explanation to her, she might go hay-wire. Naturally, she'd question her father; and he, of course, would simply tell her that he had suddenly decided to send him, Bill, on an important business mission to Paris. Being a smart girl, Josephine would then understand why Bill had failed to let her know in advance. Still, she'd worry her head off about him, because he'd meet a lot of hectic femmes, and——

Bill shrugged. "I'll send her a wireless," he decided. Forthwith he composed one, and by the time *The Trans-*

atlantique was out at sea, he gave it to a steward to be dispatched — just a few words:

"Don't worry about me . . . am thinking of you all the time . . . will write you from Paris . . . ex-

pect to be back in fortnight . . . tons of love."

He didn't sign his name, of course. If Jake Jimpson should read the message, at least he wouldn't know who had sent it. And the Old Man would

*What a
swell welcome!*



never connect the wireless with him, since he had no suspicion that a mere employe was engaged to his daughter. Mr. Jimpson might possibly think the wireless came from some society friend of Josephine's, at the most; and since the Old Man was too upset by his own dilemma right now, he wouldn't be too concerned by the wireless anyway, Bill felt.



In Paris, Bill visited a certain mansion on the Rue de Pigalle. A stiff butler admitted him as he stated that he came from Mr. Jimpson of New York with an important message for Madame de Brouillac.

"Kindly be seated, sir," requested the servant. "Madame de Brouillac is expecting your arrival and will be down in a few moments, sir."

Bill, ushered into a small and luxurious sitting room, gazed with pop-eyed awe at the setting into which fate had unexpectedly hurled him. It was a French sitting room of the de luxe variety, and he tingled from port to larboard because never, in his remotest dreams, had he expected to be in one. An exotic atmosphere. The very air of the room seemed to emanate passionate perfume, such as he'd always associated

with ladies of the evening, *demi mondaines*, night club *danseuses* and stage stars. A most wicked bust of Diana, on a pedestal, smiled at him intoxicatingly. *Objects d'art* even more wicked and nude than Diana annexed his attention until he heard soft footsteps approaching, and then —

"You are from New York?" breathed a cooing voice, as he got a startled look at a negleed figure in the doorway. "You come from that horrid Jake Jeempson?"

Bill made strangled sounds in his throat and nodded. Madame de Brouillac was in negligee, true, but what a negligee! If it was intended to conceal the incandescent lines and curves of her torch-torch figure, it certainly failed of its purpose, for it might have been glass, or spider webs, of the most transparent and revealing sort. He could see now why the Old Man had crashed for her so precipitately. Tall, slim and svelte, her yellow-white hair so platinum, Madame de Brouillac was more than stupefying. Beneath the negligee was visible only a brassiere and panties like violet sea foam. And evidently she cared nothing for stockings, because the most perfect legs in all Paris were without hose, glimmering rosily bare and breath-taking.

"Yes," jittered Bill. "Mr. Jimpson sent me all the way to Paris to see you, and —" He stumbled to his feet and tried to grab himself together as she advanced, wondering hopelessly why he had been chump enough to think he could do anything with a *bebé* like this. The Old Man must have been nuts or something when he sent him!

"*Très bon*," she said in North Pole accents. "Please be seated and let us discuss this little *affaire*, *s'il vous plait*." Majestically, she seated herself on the divan Bill had occupied, invited him to

join her there, and he wondered dizzily if he had nerve enough to sink down beside her. There were four other gilt chairs. Why hadn't she taken one of them? Why invite him to sit with her on an intimate divan, so extremely close together?

Hypnotized by her imperious eyes, large, dark and brilliant, Bill obeyed her. To his paralyzed amazement, she immediately snuggled against him and smiled. Then, all at once, her white, lovely fingers began caressing explorations through his neatly brushed black hair!

"Who cares about the horrid Monsieur Jeempson now? You are the most *intrigante* young man I have seen in five years, *cheri*! I have seen many *Americaines* who stirred me at first sight, but of them all, you are assuredly the most stirring! Kiss me, *mon ange*! My heart — it is ravished at the first sight of you! We will forget the nasty business that brings you here! We will——"

Bill leaped hastily to his feet, and if Jake Jimpson had seen the panic in his eyes just then, young Mr. French would have been distinctly out of luck.

"I — I'm sorry," he uttered feebly. "I — I didn't come here to — er — commence anything, Madame de Brouillac. Mr. Jimpson sent me here to try to induce you to — er — call off your threatened breach of promise suit, don't you see? He was — well, indiscreet with you when he was in Paris last year, and he is willing to make a handsome settlement if you'll — er — lay off him. When your letter arrived threatening him, he didn't like it a bit. As a widower with a daughter, he naturally — er — hates the thought of any scandal, and ——"

She brushed all this aside as casually, however, as an annoying insect. Sweep-

ing to her feet, she garroted him with a flaming kiss, and Bill seemed to hear larks singing, celestial jazz in the air and organ notes booming, while he went limp as a man of cardboard. Bill had experienced the pyrotechnics of Josephine's kisses which never failed to knock him for exclamation points; but the Madame de Brouillac variety turned his blood to water. Nobly he struggled out of her arms. Nobly he endeavored to press his point home——

"I tell you, Madame de Brouillac, that ——"

"I do not wish to hear! I am deaf to what you say! Kiss me, adorable one!"

"But I'll lose my job!" yelled poor Bill. "Mr. Jimpson chose me because I was so safe and efficient and steady, and ——"

"That means nossing to me, *ma coeur*! What I desire, I take; and I desire you most intensely!"

Whereupon Bill gave it up as hopeless, and as she flung the most delicious arms in all Paris around him and held him to her in such delightful imprisonment, who can blame him for yielding to the inevitable? Besides, a sudden brilliant thought had just impinged on his dazed brain: Jake Jimpson had authorized him to give Madame de Brouillac one hundred thousand dollars if she would call off her threatened breach of promise suit. Having met her in a Montmartre night club while he was in a purple state of alcoholic *joie*, with resultant disastrous effects, Jake Jimpson would consider it cheap to get out of his jam as such cost. Hence, if he, Bill, could interest this flaming Parisian sufficiently, couldn't he make her call off the suit for nothing? And couldn't he, Bill, keep the draft for the one hundred grand that now reposed securely in his breast pocket?

Opportunity beckoned magniloquently! Here was an unparalleled break! He'd be able to marry Josephine on the proceeds, the Old Man would lose nothing — and what could be sweeter?

"Well," sighed Bill, fifteen hectic minutes later, "if you have gone for me like that, Heloise, it's not my fault, of course. I never knew that I was such a George Raft with the ladies that you'd topple for me, Heloise."

He was now in her boudoir . . . and you can easily see how many inhibitions Bill had tossed away because they were in the "Heloise" and "Bill" stages . . . as Madame de Brouillac flung off the negligee superbly.

"I am 'Heloise' to you forever!" she breathed. "As long as you stay in Paris, I am yours, my Bill! See, I ring the bell for the maid! She will bring wine — we will eat and drink, we will enjoy ourselves — Afterwards, we will spend the rest of the day in the country, far away from crowded, ugly Paris —"

Which transpired exactly as per program. Once the maid had set the wheeled table before them and then vanished, Bill abandoned himself to his horseshoes luck with verve and pep. He did feel several nasty twinges of conscience because the thought of Josephine bothered him somewhat. But, after all, he was doing this all for her sake as well as his —

There were enough bottles of wine and enough dishes, sauces and what not on that table to provision a hotel. A man of careful habits, Bill had abstained from liquor religiously in New York, so that when he helped Heloise finish the first bottle of Muscatel, he yielded happily to what followed in the full confidence that she would take the best of care of him. The door to her

boudoir was locked against intrusion. She was on the *chaise longue* beside him in nothing but the violet sea foam brassiere and panties. And with the first shot of Muscatel, she reached for hooks with such impatience that Bill shuddered with delight . . .

Even though young Mr. French, unaccustomed to alcohol, wasn't able to accompany Heloise to the country that afternoon, because he unfortunately slid under the table after the second bottle was emptied, she didn't mind. Instead, she tenderly permitted him to sleep off his *malaise*; and that evening they did Montmartre as only Heloise knew how to do it. Thus, Bill passed the most sensational fortnight of his prosaic career in her mansion, and with each passing day, he felt thoughts of Josephine and Jake Jimpson receding into blissful oblivion. Not only did Heloise insist that he be her guest, so that he paid no rent for a room at a *pension* or hotel, and had moved all his baggage to her mansion, but the primary purpose of his Paris stay, too, was beginning to become very vague.

But he was snapped out of this delightful dream, suddenly.

A fortnight after he and Heloise had begun their jolly little affair, Bill suddenly realized that it was time to return to New York and make a report to Mr. Jimpson. Officially, he was a guest of the Hotel Splendide at the time he first hit Paris; and when he had left there to live with Heloise, he had left instructions, also, that any mail or cables for him from America should be held at the desk until he called for them, without being forwarded to a new address, for obvious reasons.

So when he went to the hotel Splendide at the end of the fortnight, he found two letters and a cable from the Jimpsons in New York. One letter was from Jake Jimpson and one from Jo-

sephine; and the cable was also from Josephine. All enthusiasm for Heloise departed from him as he read them, panic-stricken!

Old Man Jimpson, it seemed, had suddenly lost confidence in Bill and was coming to Paris to straighten out his little matter with Heloise in person. And Josephine, torn with love for Bill, was accompanying her father to Paris on the plea that she needed a sea voyage. In her letter, she stated that her father did not suspect she was coming to Paris solely to see Bill; and her cable, sent off before, warned Bill to expect her and to govern himself accordingly when she was in Paris, so that her father should continue to be deceived.

"Sweet purple pajamas!" whispered Bill. "Now I'm in for it, and how! Should Mr. Jimpson catch me in Heloise's mansion, he will tear me limb from limb! And should Josephine discover all this . . . I will be cooked. What to do? Oh, gosh — what to do?"

As he reeled toward a taxi, en route to Heloise, Bill wondered how his corpse would look if he swallowed Paris Green; and he even halted the vehicle for five minutes on the bridge over the Seine, looking so longingly at the river that the driver gave him a suspicious glare. But necessity is the *alma mater* of action — and suddenly Bill shrugged.

Arriving at the mansion, he went straight to Heloise. Manfully he confessed his engagement to Josephine, and manfully he also confessed how he had intended to do Mr. Jimpson out of a hundred thousand, in order to marry Josephine. "And now," he concluded, "if you are sore at me, Heloise, I suppose you'll tell all to Mr. Jimpson when he arrives here to argue with you, and I suppose I'll also lose Josephine. If so, I will accept my tough break with what philosophy I can, and that will be



that. Still, Heloise, I must admit that, whatever you decide to do, you have certainly made me goofy about you — and I can never forget you. Even if, by a miracle, you didn't tattle on me, and I married Josephine, I can never forget you. What a woman you are, Heloise! What a woman! . . ."

She stared at him in icy silence as he finished. Her hands writhed as if they would have loved to commit mayhem, and Bill shut his eyes, expecting the worst. All at once he heard her giggle, and her lips crushed his in a blazing manner!

And then she stepped back, while a large hat could have hung on his eyes!

"So you can never, forget me again, *mon ange*, even if you marry this girl?" she laughed.

"Uh-huh," mumbled Bill, with emotion.

"And will you — sometimes visit me, sweet'art, after you marry this Josephine?"

"But — but I don't understand," mumbled Bill. "What are you driving at, Heloise?"

"Just this, *chere coeur*! Your story, it has touched me to the heart. And because you have been so frank with me — because you have revealed everything that is in your heart — I shall not stand in your way. I will tell that horrid Monsieur Jeempson that you persuaded me to take the hundred thousand dollars and that I will not sue him for the breach of promise. I will tell him you left for *l'Amerique* last week. He will think you the most efficient

young man. And with the money, you can marry the girl you love. I make only this reservation, my Bill. You must come to Paris every Spring, when I am most crazy for you — and you must spend at least the fortnight with me. That is all, my Bill! Take me in your arms — kiss me — tell me what a nice lady I am, my Bill!" . . .

That Bill didn't swoon is eloquent testimony to his ability to withstand sudden shocks. And if he visits Heloise in the surreptitious manner every Spring, he is only repaying Madame de Brouillac for her kindness.



Henriette: My boy friend cut down the rose bush in your backyard.

Renee: What's the idea, did it spoil any of his fun?

Henriette: Sure . . . and it was a thorn on my side, too!

"Oh dear, I've missed you so much—" (So she raised the revolver and tried again.)

Another Love Conquest by That Handsome Playboy

The BARON of the BOULEVARDS



MY friend, known to one and all as the Baron of the Boulevards, was in an extremely romantic frame of mind this evening as we took a stroll around the streets of Paris after having had a delicious dinner at a tiny restaurant frequented by successful artists. We had walked on the outskirts of the Rue la Roi and he had reminisced. He had known those houses for twenty years, and could tell of the changes and the favorites among the women who had lived there. He even recommended a house to me and I laughed at his thoughtfulness, for I was no modest young man and no stranger to Paris.

We heard the music as we passed a café, and suddenly we were both re-

minded of the war. We had both been patriotic, he in the French army and I in the American, but just the same we had hated the war. He spoke of the friendships it had deprived him of and the families it had torn into shreds.

"And it gave our young womanhood of France a different outlook on life," he complained. "Our girls went mad. They fell on the necks of every passing American boy, or made eyes at him so that he followed her for a block before gaining the courage to link his arm with hers and go where she led him."

"On leave, Paris sure was a gay place for us," I admitted. I had many pleasant memories of leaves of absence from the front, and they had been in the arms of delightful French girls.



"Of course we Frenchmen knew our way about better than you Americans did. But it was in a little town about a mile back from the firing line where I had the happiest time of the whole war."

I pricked up my ears. . . . Here was another tale of one of the amorous episodes in the gay life of the Baron which were always being whispered about — but of which so few knew the true facts.

"The town — it makes no difference what the name, to tell the truth — I have forgotten. But the tiny house, with the charming young femme! Ah! That I shall *never* forget."



Looking up at me was the saucy face of Suzette . . . beckoning . . .

"You were billeted there alone?"

"As an officer, yes, with my orderly." His eyes had become dreamy. . . . He did not pay any attention to where our steps strayed and as I was growing weary with so much walking I directed him to a café, sinking gratefully into a chair. The night was warm; all Paris seemed to be abroad. Crowds passed our table, but we did not see them. We sipped our Pernod and lived again in the days of the war.

"You are interested?" the Baron questioned me anxiously. Of course I was interested I assured him; his stories were always unusual. If I were not interested in what he said I should sit watching his expression with keen enjoyment. He was so suave that these occasions when he told me of some mad moments in his life seemed unbelievable and delightful.

"Madame was very anxious to please. She gave me her room across the hall from —" he looked at me and smiled, "— we shall call her Suzette; I was quartered opposite Suzette while the Madame moved to a couch in the parlor in another part of the floor. Suzette and I alone in the back of the house! with only a very small narrow hall separating our opposite doors.

"In the back yard there was a small pond. Madame told me it was quite deep and I might find it agreeable to swim there in the evening before retiring. It was a good idea. But how good — I am sure Madame never realized.

"At the supper table that first night, Suzette sat opposite me with shy eyes downcast. I spoke to her several times, but she could only murmur a demure 'Oui, Monsieur.' So I addressed myself to Madame; she was not shy. And it was surprising how educated she was for a farmer's wife. I knew Suzette listened to every word I said. I couldn't figure out whether it was Madame that



*Through youth . .
and middle-age . .
the Baron was never
without a pretty
lady —*

Suzette was afraid of — or me.

"I was busy until almost ten o'clock, but when I did return to the cottage there was a light in the living room and Madame, in a bathrobe was awaiting my return. Madame was small and well-formed, but she was not young, and it was youth, extreme youth, I hunted. In Suzette I found that for which I searched; she was tiny, petite, very pretty in her dark way, and very young — only about eighteen.

"Madame told me Suzette had retired. I must admit I was disappointed. I had hoped — you know — thought of a walk in the moonlight, for there was a lovely moon, or that she might be sitting on the steps waiting for me. But her door was shut tight and there was not even a ribbon of light from beneath it.

"I shut my door none too gently for I was piqued. It was so dark and still

around that I did not bother to draw the curtains over the two windows. I began to undress. A few moments later I heard a silvery laugh and then a splash — I caught up my dressing gown and rushed to the window. Laughing up at me in the moonlight was the saucy face of Suzette and one white arm beckoned me —

"It didn't take me long to shed the rest of my clothes, and in my bathrobe slip out of the window. That was apparently how Suzette had made her escape from her room to the pond. Beside the pond was her robe. . . . She called to me softly as she saw me standing beside the pond. 'Be quiet, Monsieur,' she cautioned.

"I realized then that it was of the Madame she was afraid, not of me. I

quickly shed my robe and joined her in the pond. The water was cool. Immediately she came to me. She offered me her red lips and her little arms stole around my neck. Her skin was like satin, cool, yet quivering to my touch. Her eyes, in the moonlight, were deep dark pools which tried to transfer to me a secret message. I was sure I read that message and held her closer, kissing her longer, her lovely body quivering in my arms. And I had understood!

"Monsieur is a great lover," she assured me. We disported ourselves in the pond for what seemed a very long time, then sat on the grass and allowed the hot breeze to dry us. A cool breeze suddenly sprang up from nowheres and we had to seek the house as the moon went under a cloud. I helped Suzette into her window . . . and followed her.

"Suzette was just a sweet bundle of love over-anxious to burst its bonds. And we burst them asunder, every one of them. Her love was delicious, tender, passionate. Ah, but every woman is different; it is just that we men must sound their real depths and bring them forth. And such surprising depths as Suzette had!

"With the first break of dawn I crept back into my room for she told me that Madame, her mother, would be up presently. Sleep for the rest of the morning? Who wanted sleep after such a night? Not I! When I smelt the coffee, I left my room making my way to the cosy kitchen where Madame greeted me cheerfully and Suzette was again the demure shy maiden.

"It was a wonderful farce — our hours stolen together — and our coldness when Madame was in the room. One night we were almost caught kissing when Madame came suddenly into the room. It was only that Suzette had

a quick wit to account for her blush that she saved the situation, and also, because I had a joke at the tip of my tongue. For you see, Suzette explained to her mother that I had complained of her shyness and had told her a very clever joke. And I picked my joke out of the thin air while Madame coaxed me to repeat it. But just the same Madame kept a closer eye on Suzette after that joke episode.

"Every night I lay in Suzette's arms and drank of the sweetness of her ruby lips. It was a wonderful two weeks — And then orders came for us to move forward. I would have given anything to have disobeyed. I loved that petite Suzette. The memory of her is tucked away in a private corner of my heart. . . . The last night we spent together we did not waste on swimming in the pond. There was so much love to be packed into such little time!

"The next morning when Madame chided Suzette for the tears in her eyes when I bid them goodbye I heard Suzette answer, 'But he was such a nice quiet man, and some of those who are billeted here are not the gentleman he was.' . . .

"Of course you promised to come back?" I questioned, eagerly.

"No. No. There was no promise. Both Suzette and I knew that it was ended, that all that remained was a beautiful memory."

"But it did not spoil the war for you," I mused, thinking of some of the things he had told me on other occasions.

"Oh, no. After Suzette, there was Lucie. She had sung in a café on the outskirts of Paris. She was so different from Suzette that she almost entirely swept the previous weeks out of my thoughts. You see, she was a wild one. She flirted with every man, and every man wished for her company. No one

cared that she did not spend a second night in the same man's arms — that is — the men other than myself.

"At first she had a cracker box in which she put slips of paper with nothing written on all but one. On that one piece was written 'Tonight'. You dropped a coin into Lucie's hand and were then allowed to slip your hand into the box and draw out a piece of paper. This kept up until someone drew the marked piece. Then among wild cheers Lucie was caught up in the winner's arms and carried to her room a few houses away from the canteen where she sang.

"The night I picked the slip never remains very clear in my mind. I had drunk too much wine. I was very hilarious. And I forced Lucie to sit at my table and drink with me before we left the canteen. When we did leave the world was a very rosy place in which to live. There was no war. There was no dirt and trenches. We could not even hear the booming of the cannon we were in such a wonderful mood. I have never known such wild love making as Lucie offered. And some wild streak in me responded. For many weeks after that night Lucie did not pass around her slips. It was understood that I was, as you Americans say, 'the big cheese.'

"It ended very suddenly one night when Lucie's husband appeared on leave. He was a big fat Frenchman much older than she. We all understood why she loved the boys and made their nights the one bright spot in twenty-four hours. He stayed a few days, then left, but by then the spell was broken—and Lucie had taken to her slips while a young American boy watched her with worshipful eyes.

"What did you think of our American girls during the war?" I asked, fearing that he had finished and I did so want to hear more.



"American girls? Fine! There was one who drove an ambulance who almost married me. My reputation was against me, though. I was smitten. I was really serious with her. We made love ardently, but with a certain reserve, that reserve one uses with the woman one will marry." He looked to me for some mark of understanding and I nodded. One of our girls almost



married him! Turned him down because he was the Baron of the Boulevard! I ordered another Pernod and hoped he would not be secretive about that episode.

It was getting late. The theatre crowds were now filling the tables. I wondered if he would continue with a chance of being overheard. But he did. He leaned nearer to me across the small round table and whispered almost as he continued.

"She was lovely. A true blonde with blue eyes, and the sweetest voice. She was strong and athletic and she drove that ambulance like the devil himself. And her figure! The uniform could not hide it. And when she was off duty and put on a soft silk dress every line and curve just brought the water to your mouth. She was delicious. She kissed with a passion born of the wildness of the army life, and she made love with a freedom which you thought lead to complete abandonment, but it did not as you very soon learned.

"I proposed to her the fourth time I saw her. And she admitted she loved me, but she would not promise to marry me. Can you imagine? The catch of Paris with my money and title, and an American girl had the nerve to keep me dangling for several months!

"We had a jolly good time with the old war. One night we stole the ambulance. Two other couples went with us. We slipped away to a little town which had several houses where you could get anything to drink — and anything went. We hid the ambulance in a barn about a quarter of a mile from town and walked the rest of the way. We were all in uniform. And by the workings of the devil we met the Major before the evening was half over and it was only because he had known my father that I got away with saying I had stolen the ambulance and guaranteed its safe return without anybody finding out that we got away with it. We promised to return immediately, but of course we didn't. We sneaked into Madame G—'s little house where we had arranged for rooms . . . and spent a most glorious night. That American girl! Her name was Mary.

(Continued on page 66)



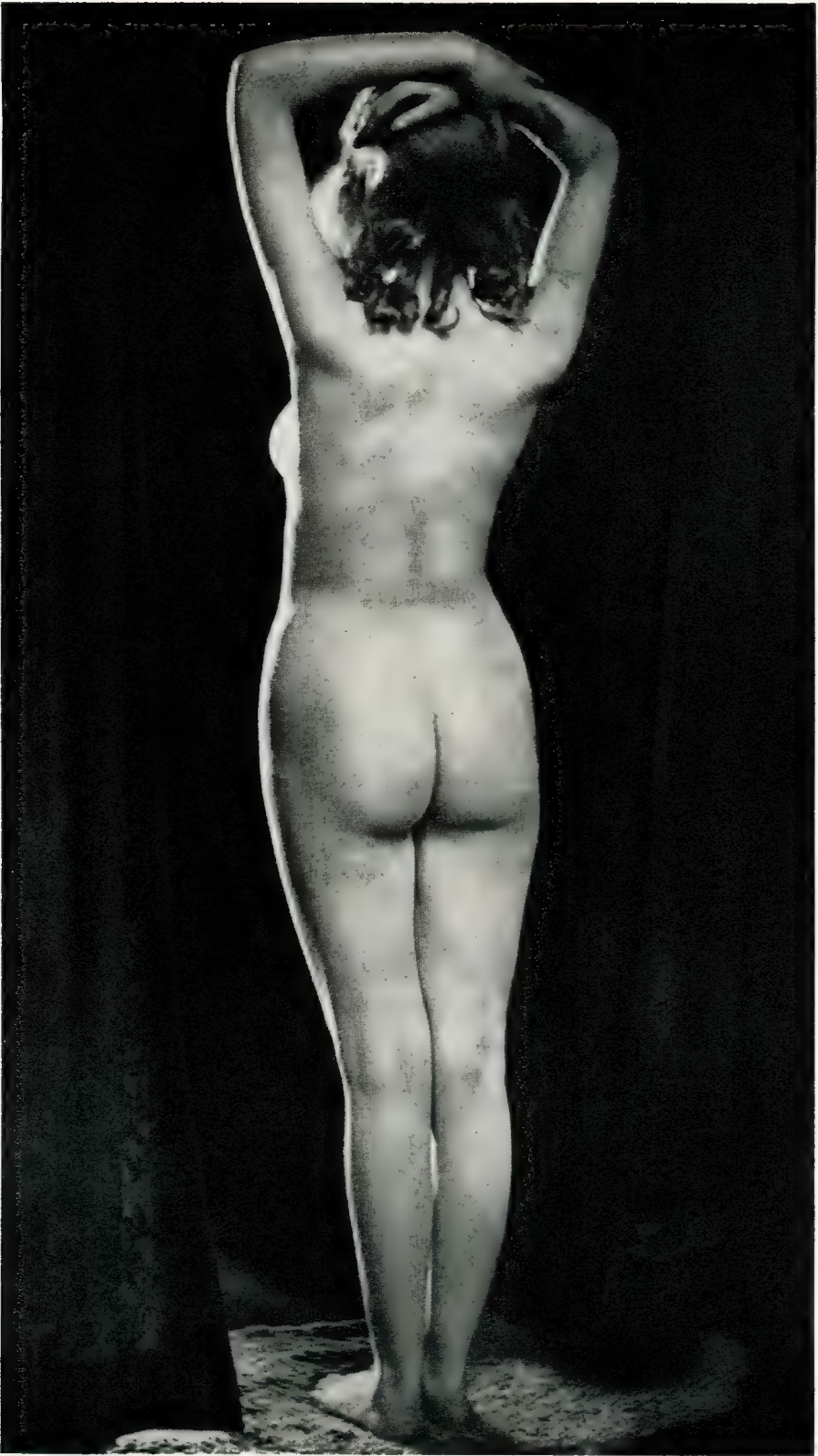


















PARIS AFTER DARK

OUR OWN GUIDE TO HER
NAUGHTY, NIGHT SPOTS



FROM the respectable Boulevard Haussman to the smallest street in the Latin Quarter, Paris is only at her best after dusk — then the lamps are lit, the cafes are gay, the taxicabs toot their raucous horns and weave dizzily in and out of traffic, the crowds pour forth after the day's work — the girls are gay and carefree, the gendarmes are looking the other way, the beggars are out in the droves, the lovers go by with their arms about each other, singing at the top of their voices.

The streets are the life of the town. The cafes spill out on the sidewalks everywhere; waiters come and go carrying trays of glasses and bottles of wine, as well as the food for which the Parisian chef is rightly proud. It is strange to be alone, for anywhere you ramble there is a French miss ready to take you arm, show you the best places to eat and drink and be merry . . . and in Paris they know more about the business of being merry than anywhere else on earth.

The women are kind and clever — and shrewd. They say that every girl on the loose in Paris saves her money and retires at a decent age, marries a man out in the country and forgets the gay life. At any rate, when one leaves, two others take her place . . . and you are only in town for a visit, so take your fun where you find it.

One gets to know the *real* Paris when he lives its street life after dark. He forgets he has ever lived anywhere else. He takes his time, not picking the first acquaintanceship that offers itself. He looks around and soon finds the right company, and then — after all, it's the gayest city of Europe and it's up to him!



That gay old man is 70 — last night at the party, he danced *tres jolie*. We shouted "Eh, bien, get hot!" And he responded: "What's the use!"

"CHOOSE

Between US!"

By R. COGHLAN and F. K. YOUNG

FOR eighteen months, Germaine had lived and loved with Leonce—and until yesterday, nothing had ever occurred to mar their happily coupled existence. Leonce had met her requirements to the letter until yesterday. . . and that little session of unrestrained jealousy could well be forgotten in contemplation of the happiness that was yet to come.

Germaine was the loveliest model in the *Vieux Carre*, and she was certainly entitled to her choice from the rank and file of its bohemian inhabitants. She felt privileged to become angry with Leonce if she chose; and yet, an artist of his prominence could scarcely endure life without at least one temperamental explosion in eighteen months.

But why had he seemed so willing for her to accept Marcel Glamet's invitation to pose? Never before had he even suggested that she avail herself of the numerous offers that came her way; in fact, he had turned them down, himself, with thanks. Why today, of all days, had he urged her to accept? There was something piscatorial somewhere and it was not in Denmark!

Germaine had a right to be angry. She still chafed from the bitter tirade of insults that Leonce had hurled at her on the previous evening. Still, they had been well deserved, perhaps. She

had been rather indiscreet in the matter of her visits to the studio of Andre Flaubert, that deep-thinking newcomer to the Quarter, who labored so diligently to complete his treatise on *biology* in time to fulfill a contract with his publishers. The strange, psychological appeal of the biologist had prevailed over her better judgement; but, after all, what did a single impassioned incident amount to, in a lifetime?

She had been afraid of arousing Leonce's suspicions, yet she had lied convincingly, and her ardent love-making immediately after the domestic upheaval should have served to patch the rent in their sails. . . But what if she had failed? Perhaps, after all, Leonce suspected that she had spent a few hours in the company of the irresistible one? Devil take the man! She had *learned her lesson*; hereafter, the straight and narrow thoroughfare would prove quite wide enough for her satin slippers—. She allowed two street cars to pass while she struggled with the horrible thoughts that danced in her mind. Two more cars rolled by, and still she thought. Finally, she decided; she would *not* go! She would hurry back to the studio and inform Leonce that her career as a model for strangers was ended, and that no man other than her precious lover would henceforth revel in the beauty of her perfect body. . .

In ten minutes, she stood again before the shabby door of their studio



"Then allow me to effect a comparison between us which should settle the matter," she told him.

apartment, hesitant, yet determined. As she reached for the knob, the sounds of muffled voices drifted to her ears. Pleasant voices, voices hoarse with passion, soft with delight; Ger-



maine almost collapsed. Leonce!—her Leonce!—with a woman!

The initial shock was great, but that which awaited her inside the workshop of her chosen companion, proved even more devastating to her composure. She saw a charcoal sketch of a

woman on the easel, and the broad back of Leonce as he bent over a well-filled chaise longue. Two sinuous bare arms were twined about his neck, and an equal number of delightfully rounded legs were draped over the edge of the lounge. As Germaine entered, she heard the sound of a prolonged and very important kiss—

"Leonce!" Her voice cut through the heavy stillness like the stab of a knife.

The artist leaped to his feet in a frenzy of emotion. A full minute was required for him to regain his composure."

"Germaine!" he cried, at last. "You dare to spy on me?"

She smiled grimly. "I seem to have a valid reason for doing so," she said bluntly.

Leonce opened his lips to give vent to an angry retort, but with the sinuous movements of a tigress, his companion in guilt stepped in front of him, and cocked her lovely blonde head to one side.

"It would be better for you to retire without further commotion," she said quietly, with a faint Spanish accent that cloaked each word with passionate glamour. "Leonce and I have decided that a combination of our natural talents would prove more satisfactory than his previous — arrangement."

Germaine was becoming more incensed every second. Completely ignoring the existence of the interloper, she turned her eyes toward the trembling man—. "Leonce," she demanded, bristling with fury, "can it be that infatuation for this—this creature—has entirely destroyed your reason?"

The artist shrugged his shoulders. "I—I don't know," he admitted.

"Then you shall learn!"—With palsied fingers, and absolute disrespect for

silken cloth, Germaine ripped off every vestige of her clothing, and placed herself at the side of her insidious rival, who was—to state the matter frankly—equally as nude.

Leonce regarded the pair of shameless Eves with something like superstitious awe. No man, he thought, had ever had the pleasure of feasting his eyes upon two absolutely different types of perfectly nude womanhood as beautiful as these two! Was the experience a pleasant one? Perhaps not; the sensations which crawled up and down his spine were certainly not pleasant.

"Allow me!" said Germaine, "to effect a comparison between us which should settle the matter forever and anon. . . First of all, consider us in a spiritual sense! Which of the two do you consider the more fitting companion for a genius of the first water. Lolita, the hybrid mongrel of Spanish descent, whose atavistic strain is demonstrated by her blonde hair and blue eyes; or Germaine, whose centuries of aristocratic Creole blood have remained pure, and whose classic features offer positive evidence of the truth of that statement?"

"Now, the purely physical! Note the broad toes and somewhat large foot of the aboriginal senorita; then regard the dainty elegance of that of the product of civilization. And the ankles—do you not detect the potential layers of fat which will soon attach themselves to those of the former; whereas, the delicacy of those of the latter promise years and years of perfection?"

"The matter of calves we shall leave unmentioned, even though it is quite evident that those of the darker woman are covered with a fine mat of hair to which she is obliged to apply a bleaching agent with chronic regularity. And the knees, my dear Leonce!

—do not overlook the knees! Do you see dimples in those of the wench? No! Then observe those of the more interesting specimen. . ."

Leonce saw—he admitted as much with a slight nod of the head.

Germaine smiled again. "Now cast your glance upon the thighs and hips of the two! Let me attract your attention to the buxom members of the dark one, pleasantly curved but with a hint of irregularity and stoutness. See now my own; soft, white flesh, journeying upward in easy stages and turning into the torso without so much as a line of demarcation!"

"And, my poor Leonce, have you failed to consider the difference in waistlines? Two inches, my beloved! As for the breasts, those of the less effete one are already beginning to sag, if but slightly. Slightly—yet they are beginning to droop, nevertheless. And are you not familiar with mine, so firm and supple?"

"Do you see any suggestion of the swan in that dark throat? Or any hint of refinement in that chin? Those thick lips!—ugh! They disgust me! They have been flattened by too much kissing. That shapeless nose, appealing no doubt to the lower order of humanity — but to you? I do not understand!"

"Neither do I!" Leonce confessed to himself. "Have I been utterly blind?"

"Compare the foreheads now, oh, artist!" continued the pleading voice. "That narrow line over the brows of the Spanish woman — where does it show a mark of intelligence? Then observe my own—the broadest among the models of the *Carre*!"

"Oh, I have overlooked the eyes, and for the omission I crave your humblest indulgence. I have no opinion to offer—mine are of the deepest black; they are 'limpid pools of mystery with

soul-sweeping lashes,' as you have so often reminded me. Those of my contemporary are blue; faded sky-blue, with scarcely perceptible lashes. . .

"I conclude with a word in reference to the hair. Blonde women are notoriously unscrupulous; hybrid blondes are even *more* insidious. Brunettes have made history, and have been worshipped as the mothers of men!

"To you, I leave the final decision—choose between us! The matter must be settled at once!"

Leonce regarded them both for a long minute. The convincing argument of the Creole woman inspired a vast respect for her, a respect which he had not hitherto considered. Her intelligence, finesse and delicacy, impressed themselves upon him simultaneously.

He wavered and would have spoken . . . but Lolita raised her hand—

"I have no defense to offer," she stated calmly. "My sincerest congratulations to Germaine upon her marvel-

lous oratorical powers, as well as upon her unbelievable erudition in matters of feminine perfection. I am sure they could have been acquired *only through very, very close association with a biologist*, who had intimately examined each and every one of those little items in some impassioned moment—"

A great light dawned upon Leonce. He stared a moment, mouth agape, then with a little cry of comprehension, leaned across the intervening space and took the blonde senorita in his arms—

"Of course, it is *you* I want!" he exclaimed triumphantly. Passionately, he kissed her . . . then turned toward his ex-beloved: "As for you," he said, "may your future life with the sagacious Andre be a happy one—and may your children be *biologically perfect*! Good bye! And be careful, my dear, not to slam the door!"

Germaine fell back aghast — and stared as if unable to believe her senses. Lolita winked triumphantly over Leonce's shoulder . . .



THEN YOU'D ENVY ME!

*Wish I were a parrot
Placed where I could be
Near a girl that had IT—
Whew! It's getting me!*

Concluding:



Behind the
Black Velvet Curtain

By NADIA MERRILL

WHAT'S BEEN GOIN' ON—

IVAN PARR, a wealthy retired business man decides at the interesting age of 40 to go to Paris; the only place where he can realize a strange ambition involving a beautiful girl and a Black Velvet Curtain.

In Paris he is introduced to lovely French models who pose for his college friend and a well-known painter, Marcel Geddes. Ivan makes love to those who will let him, and

makes his choice of the girls who will aid his dream of Beauty against a Black Velvet Curtain —

He is intrigued by Billie, a little Eurasian model who belongs to the talented Japanese art student Toyo, Ivan's secretary. At a party, Ivan and Billie steal off and delight in each other's charms. Ivan whispers that he wants her for his Black Velvet Curtain. . . . Toyo enters, drunk and insane with jealousy and

brandishes a dagger — he is thrown out, and Billie asks to follow him as she knows his mood is a dangerous one. . . .

When Billie leaves, Ivan takes up with Collette, another model at the party. She, too, is invited to fit into his Black Velvet Curtain dream. . . . Now go on with the story which concludes in this issue. . . .



THE altercation between Ivan Parr and his Japanese protegee, Toyo Kishima was smoothed over the next morning by an apology from Toyo. He was cold sober—having spent the night in Billie's pension and received drastic treatment for his excessive drinking.

So Toyo set to work again on his painting in the studio and Fritz appeared to pose. Ivan soon tired of watching her and disappeared from the studio, first reminding Toyo of Marcel's party of that evening and the Russian girl Sonya they were to meet. "See you there," Ivan muttered and went out into the streets of Paris, seeking adventure which every American may find if he is but on the alert.

But either Ivan was not alert enough, or his taste was too critical, for the demimondaines who cast oggling glances in his direction failed to intrigue him. Cocktails on the terrace before Fouguet's too proved uneventful. None of the crowd appeared—What had hit the town? Was everyone working? He must find work for himself during the long hours of the day when his artist friends plied their trade.

What should he do? He could not paint. Should he take pictures? He was a good amateur photographer. That might be an idea; he mused upon it. Dinner he ate alone, at a cafe where tables set on the sidewalk gave the diners a good deal of entertainment watching the crowds passing by.

So, Ivan was in a good mood to ar-

rive at Marcel's party. He was bored to extinction with his own company and anxious to meet this new girl, Sonya. Also he wanted to see Francine . . . he was hungry for the sight of her. No woman in America or on his numerous travels over the world had ever intrigued him as she did. It was startling how she sent a thrill throughout his whole body when she entered the room and her eyes met his. What that girl couldn't do to him! And how she could hold him at arms length, yet just let him taste enough of her perfumed sweetness to send waves of passion sweeping over his, like the ocean beating upon the beach in a stiff Northeast'er.

Marcel's studio was the scene of an orgie—that was the only word for it. Though Ivan arrived early the room was already crowded. Liquor which had been flowing freely had been imbibed all too freely. Two dancers from the Folies Bergere were doing their stuff assisted by two very tight and stumbling escorts who during their working hours were considered very promising young artists. The girls had shed most of their garments, and their dance, enlarged upon by their inventive minds, gave little doubt to the audience of their being devotees of the god of passion in all his minute and numerous forms. No man could watch them and not feel the hot surge of desire within him. Before the dance was finished a huge Swede who was studying art at the academy rushed onto the floor. He caught one of the dancers up in his strong arms and with his head buried in her warm voluptuousness, carried her, stumbling, from the room. The dance went on, two unsteady artists performing their stumbling antics about the seductive girl who seemed only to lead them on. Her eyes continually sought the door, watching for

someone in whom she seemed interested.

Just as she dropped panting to the floor and the two artists bent over her, a Frenchman rushed into the room.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed as he pushed his way to her side, "You dance again. And these fools with you. Cherie, tonight Henri will punish you and you will not again dance like this for

anyone but him!" He too, picked her up in his arms and carried her away, while she clung to him with arms entwined about his neck and whispered endearing terms into his ear in ardent French.

At this moment Francine arrived, and Ivan felt that at last the evening had commenced for him. She came



*Two dancers from
the Folies Bergere
started to do their
stuff in Marcel's
studio—*

directly to him. As she walked, her firm rounded breasts bounced with an intriguing movement that set his pulse beating at a faster tempo. Her smile, her sparkling dark eyes, the graceful sway of the divine figure all accentuated his desire for her. He opened his arms, and she went into them, like a bird into the shelter of its nest.

"Darling, I thought you would never come."

"But now, I am here," she smiled up at him.

"Darling, you will come and pose for my *black velvet curtain*, three nights from tonight?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur*, and why should I not?"

"No reason," he assured her. . . .

And then Sonya entered the room. She was a lovely dream of that blonde type of Russian over which artists have long lost their hearts. She was indeed very beautiful. Toyo met her, and claimed her for his own for several hours before Billie put in her appearance. Sonya spoke some Japanese, and she felt no shyness at the advances of this cultured gentleman from the Orient.

Ivan, watching her from across the room realized that she, too, must join his *black velvet curtain* brigade.

"There is somebody else I must have for the curtain," he told Francine.

"Tell me about this curtain, Monsieur," insisted Francine. But Ivan would only smile wisely.

"You shall know all in but a few nights. Be patient, little one."

She pouted prettily. "But monsieur says he loves Francine and yet he will tell her none of his secrets."

They were seated among numerous pillows on the floor in one corner of the room. Francine lay in his arms, looking up into his face. Her eyes seemed darker with the fervency

which burned within her. Her fingers gently stroked his cheek, ran quivering across his lips, then cupped his face to draw it down close to hers.

"Monsieur is a great tease," she insisted, and then her parted lips were upon his, moist, demanding, clinging. Her body pressed close to his with a burrowing movement which seemed to cement them into one being. His lips responded, his arms crushed her still closer to him, his hands encircling her and cupping a breast which threatened to burst its bounds and bounce from beneath the low cut gown. He helped it in its struggle for freedom and when at last her clinging lips released him, he buried his face in the exposed breasts and dreamed of the time when he would have all of her as his very own.

"Come, Francine," he whispered in a voice grown husky. "You have played with me long enough. Tonight you shall be mine — all mine — and we shall drink of the glories of oneness."

"*Mais non, monsieur*," she protested firmly. "Francine is not any man's until the man place the ring upon her finger."

"But, darling, I'm not the marrying kind," he protested honestly. For he had never felt that he wished to submit to the ties which marriage would impose upon him. But with Francine — well — it might be different. He found his mind toying with the idea as they argued.

"But Francine is not looking for a lover, monsieur. There are many lovers in this gay city of Paris. More than any beautiful girl could care for. Francine is looking for a husband. She thinks an American husband is very good. American men are so good to their wives."

"But how do you know that you

would be happy, married to me?"

"Monsieur makes love so divinely," she assured him, her eyes sparkling up into his with the lights of many devils dancing in their depths. They gave him courage. Maybe she only wished to be pleaded with, argued more strongly to give herself up to the wonder of complete surrender to him and his passionate love for her.

"You do not know how I make love," he insisted. "You have not tried." "Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed in startled surprise, "Francine has tasted almost everything with Monsieur. She has stood on the brink of the chasm and gazed with him down into the depths and —"

"But she has not jumped," he reminded her.

"She need not jump to know how it would feel."

"But, Francine, I want you."

"Monsieur must then marry Francine." So she insisted and he could not shake her arguments. They petted, among those pillows on the floor, like nobody's business, and nobody made it their business to watch or interfere.

And when they parted that night, it was with the promise that Francine would have dinner with Ivan at his studio the next evening. "But I shall not change my mind then, Monsieur Ivan," she assured him with an amused laugh. She knew her power over him, wise little French girl of the studios.

Though Toyo and Ivan argued about Billie being listed among those who would pose for Ivan's black velvet curtain, Ivan won. "It will not harm her," Ivan assured him. "And is there any sensible reason why I cannot gaze upon her lovely breasts?" There seemed to be none, and so Toyo agreed.

"And how is the velvet curtain coming along?" Toyo asked solicitously.

"Fine. I've got the girls coming tomorrow night."

Marcel, who was with them, smoking leisurely in the studio looked up.

"You had better not let Francine in on that, Ivan," he warned. "She will wreck the whole thing."

But Ivan laughed. Of course she wouldn't.

Yet when Francine arrived for dinner that evening Ivan told her that he had postponed his curtain idea indefinitely. It seemed wiser to drop her from the idea, because Ivan had seriously decided to try once more to make the grade with Francine, and failing, offer her marriage.

After their intimate dinner, she obligingly shed her few garments, wrapping around her glorious body the mandarin coat which Toyo furnished his models. She loved her beautiful body, and at every opportunity she allowed others to admire it and love it. Now she lay in his arms, the mandarin coat thrust wantonly aside, her eyes seemed to dare him.

His lips covered her body with burning kisses, they closed her eyes that he might not look into their smoldering depths. They closed her lips that her sighs would not tempt him beyond endurance. She responded to his advances with all the wild abandon of one who knew no restraint. And yet, at a certain moment in his caressing she would capture his face in her hands and bring his lips again upon hers.

"Monsieur Ivan is very daring," she would chide him, "but it is of no avail."

"None whatever?" he questioned.

She shook her head.

"And if I now ask you to marry me?" he continued.

"Francine will say 'yes' to that question — but to no more."

"And why not — if we are

promised? Then it is surely all right."

"As you Americans say 'there is many a slip twixt the cup and the lips!'"

"But there would be no slip."

"Non, Monsieur, it must be as Francine wishes."

"Very well, darling," he agreed. "You have set your seal upon the old bachelor. You've caught me in your meshes. I must have you."

The kiss she gave him then made beads of perspiration stand out on his forehead. "My God, what havoc you play with a man—and then—though you are burning up yourself you tell him non, non, monsieur."

"But now I say, non, non, cher Ivan — just wait a little longer."

The next night they announced their engagement at a typical party in Ivan's studio. The crowd was tonguetied. They decided that somehow the whole world had gone suddenly wrong. But it was Marcel more than anyone else who realized what Francine had really done to this carefree man.

"Mon Dieu, man, Francine will not have the *Black Velvet Curtain!*" Marcel exclaimed in surprise. "Have you given up that cherished idea of so many dreamy years?"

"Of course I have not given it up!" Ivan replied in surprise. "Francine will not object. There is nothing wrong with it . . . just a little harmless enjoyment."

Marcel shrugged his expressive shoulders and his eyes were troubled.

"And may I come tomorrow night?" he begged, "Surely for so long have I known of the curtain you will permit me to be at the premier."

"No one, Marcel, but myself, shall enjoy this long looked-forward-to pleasure. Get yourself a black velvet curtain of your own, but leave me to enjoy mine in solitary comfort."

"Don't let Francine get wind of tomorrow night," Marcel warned. "She might decide to wreck the place. One can never tell what she will do."

The next evening when eleven girls appeared in response to Ivan Parr's summons a huge black velvet curtain was strung across one end of the studio. It hung in heavy folds. The girls looked from one another to the curtain; among themselves they whispered. What did Monsieur Ivan wish with so many models and that curtain? There was no canvas in evidence. There was not even an easel in evidence — except Toyo Kishima's, now pushed far into a corner. Before the black velvet curtain was placed a large upholstered chair; a smoking table stood beside it. That was all. What was the idea?

But they assured each other they did not care. Had not Monsieur le American offered them twice the price which the artists paid them to pose? And did he not specify that it would only be for several hours? It would not be every night — just three nights a week. It did not interfere with their day posing when artists worked against the bad light. Monsieur did not care about the light. Why should they question? They were making good money. And Monsieur was attractive. Maybe if he loved he would be more liberal still.

Then Ivan entered the room.

"Good evening, everybody," he greeted jovially. He was in high spirits. The moment had arrived. Now was the time which he had looked forward to for so many years. Now his idea of the black velvet curtain would take shape. It would not longer be a dream but a reality. Why should he not be in high spirits?

They greeted him in chorus, looking

expectantly at the master of the studio.

"If you will go behind the curtain and undress, please, then come forward and let me see you against the background of the curtain."

The girls looked at each other silently, but obeyed instructions, swiftly disappearing only to reappear promptly, a lovely group of the most beautiful nudes in Paris. Unembarrassed, used to this procedure, they stood before the black velvet curtain, falling into natural poses of graceful lines.

"Very beautiful, gorgeous!" he exclaimed. "But there is just one part of you in which I am interested." Briefly he gave his instructions and seated himself in the huge chair facing the black velvet curtain. He lit his pipe slowly, puffing upon it with concentrated interest. For moments he did not raise his eyes, but when he did the girls were in position. His instructions had been carried out.

Through circles cut in the curtain protruded eleven pairs of breasts.

Ivan leaned back in his chair, admiring them. They were the most perfect breasts in all Paris. Some large, some small, some very firm, some soft and seductive. They were creamy with brownish circle and vermillion tip. Some were white, an alabaster white with pink circle and pinker tip. Another had a rich purple center with prune-hued circle. All the blending of color which a connoisseur of that most lovely part of a woman's body could wish for was in evidence against the softness of the black velvet curtain.

For long moments Ivan sat in silent admiration. Then he rose. He walked slowly the length of the curtain, just looking closely at the lovely morsels extended so seductively from their black velvet ground. Then as he retraced his steps he paused before each figure concealed by the black velvet

curtain. Inquisitive fingers tested the soft texture of the skin, touched an indolent tip which immediately rose into agitated uprightness, cupped the breasts, fingers testing the resiliency. At Billie's breasts he paused to touch his lips to the crinkly scarlet tips.

He retraced his steps, and seated himself again in the chair. His eyes



dwelt longingly, happily upon the vision before him.

And then a cyclone burst in upon him in the form of Francine. She flung open the studio door and bounced in, a fury of French curses and breath-taking, tumbling admonitions which just seemed to roll from her lips without effort.

What she called the girls behind the curtain Ivan could imagine. And as she caught hold of the black velvet curtain tearing it to shreds he saw the models scurrying for cover that they might dress and escape this fury which descended upon them so unexpectedly. . . .

In fluent French, with many ges-

tures, she told him what she thought of him, and when at last he made her understand that he could not understand her she repeated the whole tirade over again in hesitating English.

"You dare to have such a thing! And you are engaged to Francine. It shall not be in the studio. I will not have it . . ." and on and on along that same vein until Ivan was fully convinced that he had come to either the parting of the ways with Francine or he must give up his long cherished desire — the black velvet curtain with only the glorious breasts of women appearing.

He had never seen a woman so angry. She spat angry words at the girls as they slipped out of the room.

But Francine became more appealing in her anger. What a little spit-fire! What a bomb to live with, never knowing when it would burst into fire! But how marvelous the moments

of making up after one of these explosions.

He took two quick steps forward and swept her up in his arms. She beat against his hard chest with her clenched fists.

"You little spit-fire," he laughed down into her eyes. "Don't struggle like that. I shall not let you go until you kiss me and tell me you love me."

"And I shall not tell you that until you promise never to do that again. Never, never shall the black velvet curtain appear."

"And if I promise?" he teased her, as she ceased to struggle in his arms.

"Then Francine will kiss and love you."

"I promise," he assured her, "and what's more. Tomorrow we shall go and post the banns of our marriage."

Her arms were about his neck in a strangulation hold, her lips crushed upon his. She was completely mollified. In the wild volcanic heat of their love making she tore the clothes from her body, throwing herself upon the couch in wild abandonment.

Ivan, hot with conquest, joined her. It was as he thought. What a wonderful time one would have making up after a quarrel. He wondered if sometimes he would not provoke a quarrel just to enjoy the ecstasy of winning her back to loving him again.

"Francine is all yours — to do with as you wish—" she whispered, her limpid eyes meeting his, her hand against his cheek drawing his head down to be pillowed on her breasts. Her hot lips were upon his forehead, her sharp little teeth nipped at his ear only to be followed by tender kisses. Her satin body seemed to scorch him with its heat.

Again their lips met. The kiss dragged them to the very depths of the volcanic world of passion. And Ivan claimed her for his own.





"I'm No Prude"

says Viola, the society girl whose secret love nights are the talk of New York! Her many stolen moments with men who could give her a thrill, makes the pages of the December issue of **NEW YORK NIGHTS** the spiciest you've ever read. This banner issue also contains SEVEN other tales of alluring girls and handsome men, ever on the search for thrills . . . love . . . excitement . . . by the snappiest authors of our day, known far and wide because they provide our readers with such exhilarating entertainment.

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A NEW ISSUE EVERY MONTH

It Gets to Be a Habit —

*Six Months at a Time is a Long Stretch for a Salesman to be Away from His Wife, Even in Páree. . . .
New Habits Can Easily Be Acquired —*

By KIRK WOLFF

PAUL DUCHARD, tall, darkly handsome traveling salesman for a hosiery firm alighted from his train at the Gare du Nord in Paris with a feeling of blithe anticipation. As much as he was always glad to leave home—and Nanon—when he went on the road, he was equally glad to return to his house and wife after six months or more of travel through all the countries of Europe.

Would Nanon be at the station to meet him? Paul hoped she had received his wire and would be on hand. The truth is, after six months of absence he always fell in love with Nanon all over again. Now he anticipated a very pleasant sojourn with her.

"It will be just like a honeymoon," he mused cheerfully. Then he frowned at a darker thought. "But," he muttered, "I wonder if she has been faithful to me all this time?"

Just then he saw Nanon coming forward to meet him and the sight of her instantly banished all such annoying doubts. Nanon, a chic brunette with piquantly scarlet lips, slanting

eyes, and the vivacity of a typical Parisienne, radiated eagerness from every line of her petite, alluring body. The twinkling of her shapely ankles and the swaying of her audacious hips as she ran to meet him warmed the cockles of Paul's heart. He could hardly believe she was really his wife. Truly, this evening would be just like a honeymoon!

"*Cheri!*" cried Nanon as Paul swept her into his arms and almost lifted her off her feet. "I have been so lonely!"

"I wish I could believe that!" said Paul banteringly, pressing hard kisses upon the red, smiling lips turned up to his. "Are you sure you have been lonely—and alone? All the time I have been away?"

"How can you think otherwise!" gasped Nanon, blushing and holding him closer. "It is you who have not been lonely! Myself, all day I sit and think of you, and then at night I go to bed and dream of you and there is nobody else I even talk to, except for the chambermaid. But with you it has been different! Well do I know the life of a traveling salesman when he is away from home! A different woman



"Ooh, la, la!" laughed Nanon mockingly. "Am I supposed to believe a fairy tale like that?"

"Nevertheless, it is true," he asserted soberly. "And it is wonderful that we have been so true to each other."

"Wonderful!" agreed Nanon. "And now that you are home again, after we have been so lonely all this time—it will be just like a honeymoon!"

"Exactly what I was thinking!" laughed Paul.

Arm in arm they reached the Du-

in every city, without a thought for the wife he has left behind—"

"That is not the case with me," Paul solemnly assured her. "I haven't looked twice at a Mademoiselle since I left you six months ago."

chard house in a quiet Paris suburb. Dinner that evening was a banquet. . . Everything seemed strange, as it always did when they had been separated for some time. It would take a few

(Continued on page 71)

For the Love of



HIS little pig went to market — this little pig stayed home — this little—,” but a silvery laugh interrupted Raymond Seymour’s ditty and he looked up from the pink toes he was counting, into a pair of snappy black eyes. . . .

“You tickle!” Louisette explained in a soft musical voice.

“Oh!” Raymond sat back on his heels and looked up at her adoringly. His adoration was partly due to her gamin beauty . . . partly to the many champagne cocktails which they had imbibed.

“Another cocktail for your petite Louisette, Monsieur,” coaxed the girl, drawing her negligee about her.

“Do not cover your loveliness,” he protested, “you are so selfish.”

She laughed at him then, and leaning forward patted his flushed cheek; his arms went about her waist as he buried his head in the softness of her full rounded breasts, nuzzling his way through the lacy V of the negligee neck line. Her eyes deepened as she stroked his unruly blonde curls.

“Too much sweets makes little boys sick. I would have you love me for a long time, Monsieur,” she whispered in a seductive tone.

“I shall love you forever, Louisette,” he assured her, in a muffled voice, not raising his head.

“We shall see,” and her eyes became troubled. “There is that uncle in Australia. Someday he may learn where all his money goes. He will not approve—and then what? Love and Louisette they will fly out the window, and you

By BABETTE

will fly to Australia and the ranch, a repentant boy.”

“Don’t talk of unpleasant things. Uncle James is safe in Australia and I am here — fee. I study hard — and play hard.”

“Monsieur plays very hard,” she agreed readily.

“And you love it Babe, don’t you?”

“Of course! Louisette was made for play.”

“You are so adorable,” he murmured as he slipped his hand beneath the negligee and drew forth a creamy breast with its crimson tip pertly upstanding.

“See these? They are the most beautiful breasts in the whole of Paris!”

“Monsieur’s compliments are extravagant,” but Louisette beamed with pride. She knew she had a figure which had been the envy of many girls in the music halls until Raymond had come along and demanded that she give up her work that he might enjoy all of her time. And he had made it worth while. He paid the rent for her modest little apartment; maybe he could be enticed into paying the rent for a more pretentious place. He certainly seemed to love her enough to do anything for her. But of course, Louisette had been wise and gone fairly slow, if a mink coat and a few diamond bracelets might be called slow. They were slow for her according to her methods with *le comte* before the event of Raymond.

“And your eyes! Your hair! Your nose! Your lips!” He kissed them as he

LOISETTE

COTTER



Her flesh quivered under the touch of his inquisitive fingers and she gave herself up to the complete enjoyment of the moments which followed.

It was later she decided to speak of a change of her living quarters.

“Monsieur Ray,” she purred, “this is not a fine place for me to receive you. Your apartment is so grand. Would it not be wise for Louisette to move to a nicer place?”

Ray looked sweepingly around the place. “Tis kind of a dump,” he admitted, forgetting that just two months before he had thought it very cosy. He sat thoughtful for a few mo-

ments! Louisette lay back in his arms, exclaimed over their beauty. But the meeting of their lips was like two flaming torches, torches of burning

desire, meeting, mingling, consuming. her eyes half closed, her lips parted, the breath coming quickly.

“I’ve got a swell idea!” he burst out.

"What do you say to combining forces?"

"What?" Her eyes widened with surprise.

"Sure. We'll just move in together."

"No. I do not think I should like that. Your apartment is small. I should like a room all my own."

"You shall have it, my darling. We will look for another apartment which you will like. It shall have a huge living room and two adjoining bedrooms, and a little room for Chang."

"You and your Chinaman!"



His uncle's coming would spoil this — arrangement.

"Yes, but you will admit he is a wonderful servant, and he likes you."

"Oui, your Chang likes me."

"Then it's a go?" His hand cupped both her breasts and his eyes sparkled with anticipation. "Just think! Only a door separating us and you will not close that often — will you?"

"Only enough to make you more appreciative when it is opened," she teased him.

"Then it's okay—" and then he was reminded of the hour. "It's ten o'clock! I promised we'd be at Dick Morse's studio before this. Wild party. He's introducing a girl from the American sticks to Paris night life."

"Girl from the sticks?"

"Sure. Jean Thorpe from Montana, Dick's home state. They call the small towns 'sticks' in America."

"What funny expressions you have."

"Not any funnier than some you French have," he assured her, "But say, scurry into some clothes. Wear that green velvet I like so much."

"Oui, Monsieur, and is there anything else?" she mocked.

"Yes. Kiss me first."

Their lips met in a long kiss which lasted still longer moments. At last she broke away. "And you say I should hurry!" She shook her head and disappeared into an adjoining room, leaving Ray to straighten his awry tie and comb his hair. . . .

Dick Morse's studio was a blaze with lights. It seemed that everyone was there. Liquor was flowing freely and the radio blared forth contagious dance music. Some petters had already sought their favorite corners. . . . In other words it was a setting for a swell party. Dick's parties were always hot stuff.

Dick had admitted that back in Montana he had been very keen for Jean. That was before he had come to Paris to study architecture. And now Jean had arrived to study music. "Good kid, no prude, plenty of zip and a good looker," had been Dick's description of her to his friends. . . . And they found that he had been correct.

Raymond met her and found it very

good to be talking to someone who had not been away from the States for several years. They found much to talk about and soon made their way to a couch in a corner where they would not be disturbed. He momentarily forgot Louissette, for which Dick was thankful for he was deeply intrigued with Louissette and made the best of every moment he could get with her.

Raymond, always the flatterer, soon was paying Jean well deserved compliments. She was a stunning red head with red brown eyes shaded by dark lashes. Her skin was alabaster white. Her mouth was a little large, her lips red and sensuous. Ray soon learned that he could teach her nothing about the art of kissing. Keen on investigation, but suave in his manner, Raymond soon satisfied his curiosity regarding the twin swellings which protruded so intriguingly. They were delicious well molded breasts with pink centers that seemed suddenly to come to life at his exploring touch.

But how Jean could kiss! It seemed that his very toes tingled with the ardor of her passion. And she seemed to like him. She certainly was not anxious to leave the secluded couch where he had placed her. He found himself realizing that American girls sure did make fine pals — great company. He wouldn't offer to share an apartment with Jean. With her if he loved her enough it would be marriage. But with French girls — well you loved them and kept them.

The star entertainment of the evening was a dance by four of the *Moulin Rouge* girls, good friends of Dick. They danced completely in the nude, and after their regular dance gave a very suggestive little number they had composed themselves. It brought down the studio but they refused to repeat it. Four men rushed to their sides and carried them off to other parts of the

apartment, where no one followed—

At that moment Louissette stood over him, her eyes flashing. She broke into a torrent of French which he understood very clearly and was glad Jean could not. It was plain that Louissette had observed — and was jealous. Rather than have a scene, and not at all desirous of breaking off his amorous arrangement with Louissette, he explained to Jean that Mademoiselle Montague was tired and wished to leave. He would see Jean again very soon. Dinner some night the next week if she was willing. . . . And so Louissette and Ray left the party. He was very angry with her but she was immediately all loving contriteness and soon won him into a friendly mood, and from that into allowing her to spend the night at his apartment.

It was a week later that all the arrangements were completed and both Ray and Louissette had moved into their apartment. The huge living room had one corner fixed up as a studio for Ray. There was a bedroom which was without a doubt a bachelor's room, and an adjoining one which was the most feminine room that Paris could produce. Chang had placed everything just where Louissette had desired it and marveled at the result. Silks and satins, and pillows and frills, and bottles of intriguing shapes and smells. Chang decided that he was going to enjoy this new arrangement.

In the back of Ray's mind though churned the worry of what would happen if Uncle did catch up with what was being done with his allowance which was far greater than he needed if he lived as a modest young man should. Of course he hadn't lied to Uncle. He had just written from time to time that living expenses were higher, friendships more costly, and the ladies demanding dinners with

liquors that cost more than his allowance. And the allowance would be increased. But Uncle would soon begin to worry. What would he do then?

He had to keep in Uncle James' good graces. Not that he wanted the ranch in Australia, but because he wanted to inherit his millions. He was the only living relative with the exception of a cousin in South America who was already established with a family and a good rubber plantation. If he got in Uncle James' bad graces there was little doubt that the righteous man would turn everything over to the cousin. This must not happen. There were two reasons. There was a soft spot in Ray's heart for that Australian ranch where he had been brought up almost since babyhood when he had been left to the care of Uncle James and nurses, seeing his parents only when they had the time from their social activities. Then had come the accident and at fifteen he was an orphan. Yes. The ranch was home, and though he loved art and wanted to be an artist, he did not wish to be deprived of that home. The other reason was that he had come to the conclusion that he would make a very punk artist and it would not be long before he would have to admit it to more than himself—to the uncle.

So this joining up with Louisette so openly was rather a drastic step if it ever got back to Uncle's sharp ears, which seemed to miraculously hear everything. But try it he must, for youth is adventurous and the blood hot and Louisette extremely desirous.

He knocked on the adjoining room's door this evening. They were dressing for the house warming party which would take place in just a few hours. Quite a gala affair Ray hoped it would be. He was looking forward to seeing Jean again, for Dick had promised to bring her. "When in Paris do as the

Parisiennes do" Jean had told Dick and agreed to go with him.

"Louisette, darling," he called as he opened the door, "how are you coming? Want any help?"

"If you come in here you will only hinder. You will stop all my rush to be ready when our guests arrive," she protested.

"But I love to see you like that—" *Like that* was in sheer negligee, her lovely body flushed from the cold shower she had just taken. He took her in his arms, commanding, "Kiss me." And as his lips crushed down upon hers she responded with swift passion, her body melting into his with the ecstasy of the moment. He picked her up in his arms and carried her to the couch.

"Ray, our guests!" she protested weakly, her arms cling about his neck, her lips against his cheek.

"To the devil with our guests!" he retorted.

She laughed then, the tinkling laugh which he loved so to hear and his arms tightened about her.

"You were made for love. And I shall love you," he assured her. . . .

Later when he was again in his room finishing dressing, the bell rang.

"There, you see," Louisette called to him. "Here are our first guests and neither of us is ready to receive them."

But it was not guests who had arrived. It was a sinister envelope, containing a cablegram from Australia. The premonition of trouble brewing filled Ray as he took the envelope from Chang.

"What is it? called Louisette.

"Just a telegram from someone you don't know about."

Gingerly he tore open the envelops and took out the sheet within. He unfolded it slowly, trying to forestall the bad news, for he had a hunch it wasn't good news.

Standing there in the center of his



room, in dress trousers and dress shirt with collar and black bow tie, he was a picture of despair. On the bed lay his black silk vest and coat.

He read the message on the paper before him:

"ARRIVING PARIS WEDNESDAY.
DECIDED YOU RETURN WITH ME."

"UGH! What a mess!" he murmured to himself. "Why couldn't he have waited just a few more months. If only this fling were behind me instead of in the embryo, it would be different."

Again he read the message. Absently he donned his black silk vest. As he buttoned it slowly he looked again at

the square of paper laying on the bed where he had dropped it like a hot stone.

Yes. It was real. No getting away from that. Wednesday. Five days off — *five days away*. In the meantime there was all of Paris before him and Louisette to share it with him. In five days maybe he could think up something to avert the calamity.

Certainly his world had crashed about him. Just the tinkling of a bell; such a simple act as Chang passing him an envelope — that had changed his whole life. Inside that envelope was the message which would end all this new arrangement — end the close in-

timacy of Louisette after five more days, and it had just begun.

But Louisette must not know. Nobody must know. He would tell Chang, but no one else. The party would go on as planned and for the next five days things would be as usual between him and Louisette, maybe more ardent with the knowledge in the back of his mind that it was so soon to end. But it would go on. And maybe in the meantime he could think of something. For he knew without a doubt Uncle James would not approve

of this method of living and spending his allowance. Oh, well, such was life. . . .

What does the future hold for Ray with stern Uncle James on his way to Paris to see what is up? And Louisette with all her charms had just become an inmate of his apartment! Will Ray be able to keep her under cover during his Uncle's stay? Will Jean come to the house warming . . . and what part will she play in Ray's life? All these questions and more will be answered in the January issue of French Night Life.

More Amours of the **BARON of the BOULEVARD**

(Continued from Page 34)



*After Suzette
... there was
Lucie —*

A lovely name when pronounced correctly.

Mary told me that night, lying in my arms, that she could never marry

me. 'But that must not spoil our love,' she added, 'You would not be faithful. You would not always love me. And that is the kind of a husband I want. But love you — I sure do. And we're going to have just as much love as we can sandwich in during this war and the little time it gives us together.'

"Mary had full rounded breasts that were firm to the touch, with ripe cherry tips that crinckled deliciously. When you kissed her full red lips the little pulse at the base of her throat beat rapidly. She had the most charming love names at the tip of her tongue. When she sighed you wanted to give her the moon — or even the whole world — but you could only give her more love and kisses. She gave herself freely once she had admitted her love of me. And as dawn crept over the world it was hard to tear ourselves apart and face the business of war.

"As we were starting our walk out of town to where we had the ambulance parked in the barn a voluble countryman accosted me. The General was in his parlor, snoring gloriously, sleeping off a dead drunk. He must be gotten back to camp. He had

fought the friends who had tried to take him back the night before.

"We all went in and looked at the General. Mary's head was the clearest at that hour of the morning. She suggested that we walk out to the barn and drive the ambulance into town, lift the General onto it and take him back to camp.

"Needless to say we returned to camp in high spirits. The General was our passenger. We got away with that escapade. In fact Mary and I got to town several times after that in the General's car. He took a fancy to us."

"*Garcon*, another Pernod," he signaled and I wondered if that was all I was to hear.

"Mary?" I questioned faintly, but he did not answer. His eyes had a far away look and he did not speak until the waiter had served our Pernods. He drained half the glass, then turned to me, studying me closely.

"Mary?" he questioned. "Ah, poor Mary. Her ambulance was shelled. She died in action. She is buried in one of the cemeteries near Paris. I saw to that. There is a tomb stone over her grave. And every year on the the day that she was killed I place flowers on her grave."

The surprise I felt that this man had such a strong strain of sentiment running through him must have shown in my expression for he smiled ruefully.

"Yes," he admitted, "there is much sentiment in this Baron of the Boulevard but few have ever known it. I am sure I could have made her the husband she wished for. But with her dead I went my merry way with no ties binding me."

"When were you injured?" I knew he had been slightly injured and sent back to Paris to recover and held there for clerical work.

"It was shortly after that . . . I was glad. I hated the war and the front

and in Paris I could forget all the shooting and the noise, though we often heard it for days and nights on stretch. But it was easier to forget Mary and our love in Paris with so many *demi-mondaines*. Babes, they flocked to me, I had as many as there



were nights in the week. Ah! The war! It was an experience which I would not have missed — but it took from me my one love which might have changed the whole course of my life."

The Baron was again thoughtful. His eyes were dreamy and he called for still another Pernod.

"My friend," he told me thoughtfully, "love like that which I had for Mary," and he pronounced her name so tenderly, "comes but once in a lifetime."

I agreed with him. I understood for the girl I had loved had married another man.

"I could tell you of many girls I have loved during my time, but none like Mary. There were girls of the *Folies Bergere*, of the *Latin Quartier*, some of the best clubs, and even the wives of esteemed statesmen. But I shan't take your time. They are the ordinary run of affairs with that type. Some other time, though, there is one episode I shall have to tell you. It is so entirely different from any I ever had."

"Still early if you want to tell it now." I suggested. It was early, only about two o'clock in the morning and Paris was still very much alive. Most of the tables were filled—

"Too early," he laughed and his eyes studied a group of people who were walking by. He raised his hand to his hat dobbing it gallantly. A woman paused. She spoke to several of the group and excused herself. It was but a moment and she started toward us. Swiftly the Baron rose and hurried to her side. They came to the table and she was introduced as Mademoiselle Antoinette. From the conversation I quickly learned that she danced at the *Folies Bergere* and was an old friend of the Baron.

After another Pernod I excused myself; from the expression in the Baron's

eyes I knew that I had done the right thing. He was desirous of spending the rest of his evening — or rather morning — with Mademoiselle Antoinette.

As I sauntered homeward I envied the Baron his eventful life. What a full one it had been. And I eagerly looked forward to the story of another of his experiences.

A woman spoke to me and put an arresting hand on my arm but I shook her off. No woman of the streets of Paris after those women my friend the Baron had spoken of. . . . And another thing — I had several very satisfactory addresses in a note book in the inside pocket of my coat.

(In the next issue, you will read about another of the Baron's spicy amours — Don't miss it!)

"HELLO SUCKER!"

(Continued from Page 10)

bered having drunk a glass of wine. Was it possible that the wine had been drugged?

He sat up to survey his surround-

ings, and was unimpressed. He seemed to be gazing down the length of a dark and dirty alley; yet it was not the same semi-darkened street to which he had



She Thought Her Figure "was Hopeless"



The above pictures, and those at the right, have been posed by professional models and retouched to show the contrast between a large, sagging bust and a trim, shapely one.

SHE was positively ashamed of herself! Was there anything more distasteful than a heavy, sagging bust? Otherwise her figure was not unattractive. But what could be done about those bulging tissues that hung in flabby masses, utterly ruining her charm? Imagine her joy when she found that something *could* be done—when she learned of the wonderful FORMULA-X treatment, made expressly to reduce an oversize bust! Here at last was the answer to her problem.

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It takes just a few minutes a day at home to apply the FORMULA-X treatment. It is as easy as A-B-C, absolutely harmless and so effective! You will be delighted with the gratifying results. You will rejoice in the marvelous improvement in your figure as your breasts become girlishly slender, beautifully rounded.



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Convince yourself that you can take inches off your bust. Accept this liberal Offer: Mail the coupon or write, enclosing only ONE DOLLAR and I will send you the FORMULA-X treatment—by return mail, in plain wrapper. For only \$1.00 you can prove to yourself that you can reduce a heavy, sagging bust to slender shapeliness.

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799 Broadway (Dept. 12 NYN)
New York, N. Y.

BETTY DREW, Dept. 12 NYN
799 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Dear Betty Drew: I enclose only \$1.00. Send me the Miracle Cream treatment, including large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions, with FREE Book

Name
Address
Town State.....

"What are you doing down there, Henri?"

"I'm aiming to bait the fish — And you?"

"Me? So am I!"



been taken by his guide. He decided he had been given knock-out drops and that his unconscious body had been disposed of by some of the men who managed the cabaret. There was little use of searching for the place again. In all probability, he would never find it!

He stumbled to his feet and searched his pocket. Everyone was

turned wrong-side-out! His roll of bills was gone! . . .

At the mouth of the alley he sank to a sitting position on the curb of the sidewalk. Cleaned! All his money gone. What a blow!

Then he let his hand trail down his trouser leg, let his fingers seek beneath the arch of his foot, between his sock

and then to the inner sole of his shoe.

Guy brightened instantly. So much so indeed, that he chuckled softly to himself, as his fingers drew out a garter hidden there. A very feminine garter that one of the mademoiselles had worn.

Looking at it under the glow of the

street lamp, he saw that the jewel which studded its elastic frilliness was a gem worth a King's fortune. Truly Mademoiselle had cheated herself in the exchange!

Guy pocketed the garter, and went jubilantly up the street. . . .

* * *

IT GETS TO BE A HABIT —

(Continued from page 59)

days, each of them decided, to grow accustomed to each other's presence. .

But in spite of the banquet of cold pheasant and champagne, dinner was cut short that evening. Facing Nanon across the table, Paul looked into her laughing black eyes and watched the delicious curves of her shapely arms, the tantalizing dimples of her throat and shoulders . . . until at last he was overcome by impatience — pushing back his half-finished portion of

pheasant, he rose and gathered Nanon in his arms — and Nanon, perfumed and glowing, was no less reluctant to push back her own plate. . .

The Duchards retired extremely early that evening; they went to bed at the unusual hour of nine o'clock, still assuring each other of their faithfulness during the long absence. . .

But though the Duchards retired at nine o'clock, it was not until midnight or after that they fell asleep. It would

Is Your Chest Line Too Full?



FORM REDUCED

Are you embarrassed by a large flabby bust? Do you want to reduce the size, lift the sag and restore the firm shapely contour of youth? Just send your name and I'll show you how to reduce your bust measure, quickly and easily by my simple home method.

DON'T let large, flabby breasts spoil your figure! Don't allow that monstrous fullness about the chest to make you look old and settled. It is so easy to regain the slim, trim form of youth. My new "PRESCRIPTION-36" treatment banishes fat, remoulds the form. Simple, harmless—requires but a few minutes a day at home. Not "just another fat-reducer," but a special treatment designed expressly for the bust, to remove extra fullness and restore shapely contours.

Let Me Tell You How, FREE!

Mail the coupon or write and I will send you complete information in confidence, without the slightest cost or obligation. Don't miss this wonderful FREE opportunity. Send name and address today.

FREE JUST MAIL COUPON
for my secret of reducing a flabby, sagging bust to trim, slender form
DORIS KENT 80 East 11th St. New York, N. Y.

DORIS KENT, Dept. N.Y.N. Z
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Name
Address
Town State

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NEW YORK CITY

take them a considerable time to grow used to each other and to this new mode of living—

Habits acquired during their months of separation were strong in each of them—

It was about two o'clock in the morning when Paul awoke, imagining he had heard a noise in the lower re-



gions of the house. Gently, he aroused Nanon.

"That noise downstairs," he whispered. "What is it, dearest?"

"Noise?" murmured Nanon, and listened tensely. "*Sacrebleu!*" she gasped a moment later in a stifled voice. "It must be my husband coming home!"

Without a second thought Paul Duchard swung himself out of the bed, groped feverishly for his trousers, his shoes, his coat and hat—

"Are there stairs at the back of the house?" he whispered hoarsely. "Or should I go down the fire-escape?"—

Habits acquired during their months of separation. . . .

ARE YOU FLAT CHESTED ?

Let Me Develop Your Bust

to full feminine proportions

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No matter what else you have tried, no matter how small or flabby or sagging your breasts may be, you owe it to yourself to try my wonderful method. Day by day you will see your breasts grow in size and loveliness. And it's so easy and simple! Nothing to do but apply dainty Miracle Cream, follow the instructions, and watch the wonderful change take place.

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ADD 1 to 3 INCHES

PROOF • A

"I am the mother of four children, and although pretty young, my busts became flabby and started to sag. Now I have once again achieved for myself that feminine loveliness which I thought was out of my life forever."

Mrs. M. M., New York, N. Y.

"My chest was so thin, but it surely is rounding out nicely, and my bust is coming along fine. Just tell the world if they want to know anything about your Miracle Cream method to write to me."

Mrs. H. E., Sioux City, Iowa.



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This fascinating illustrated book tells how you can gain the ideal bust of perfect womanhood. And it is yours, free!

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Mail Coupon

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Address.....

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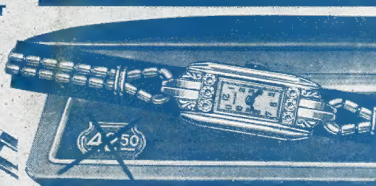
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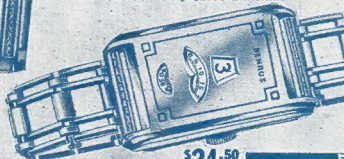


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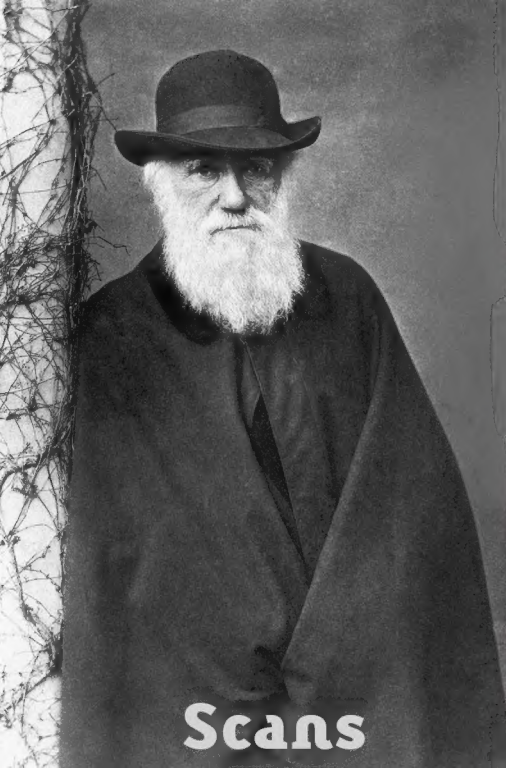
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